THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1790 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 12 1934

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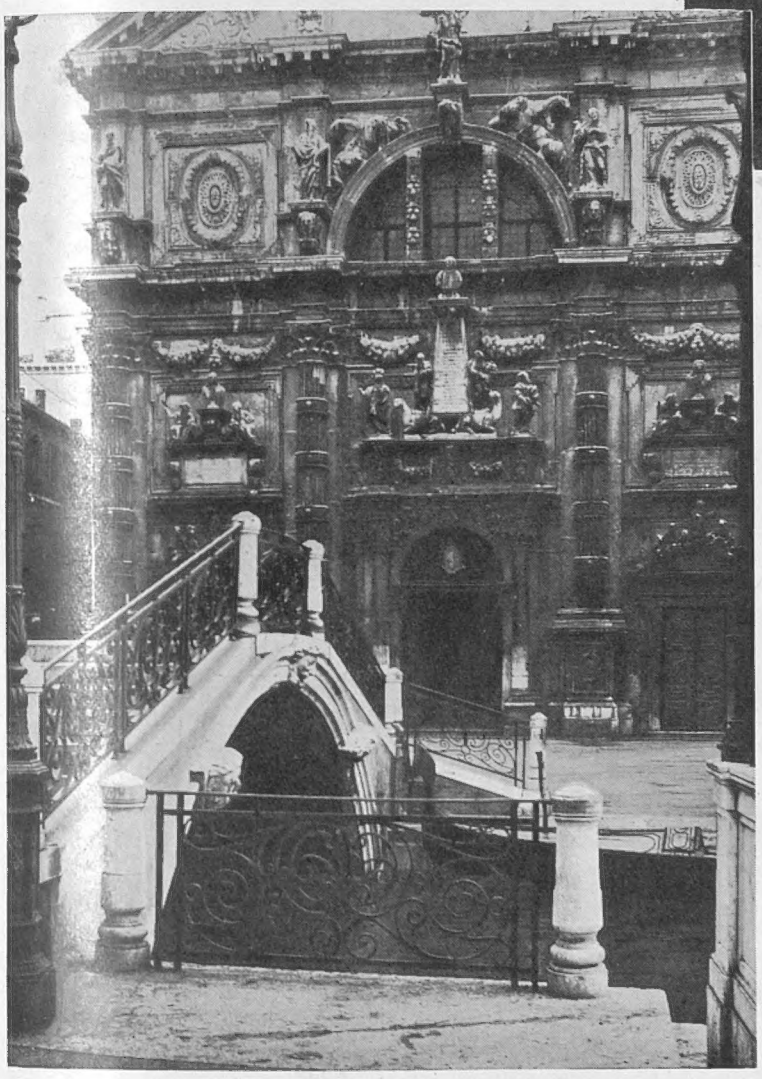

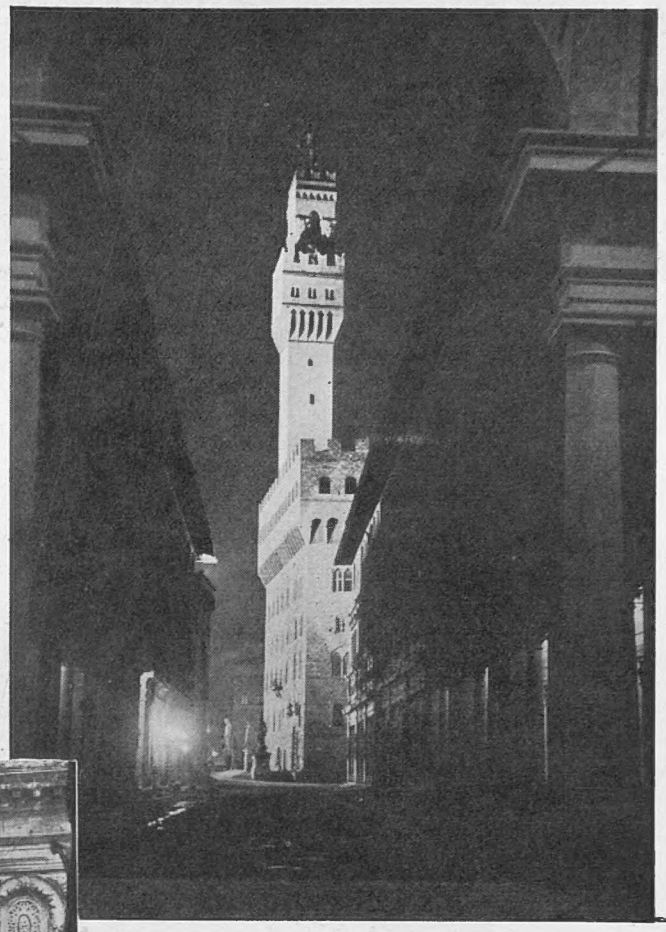

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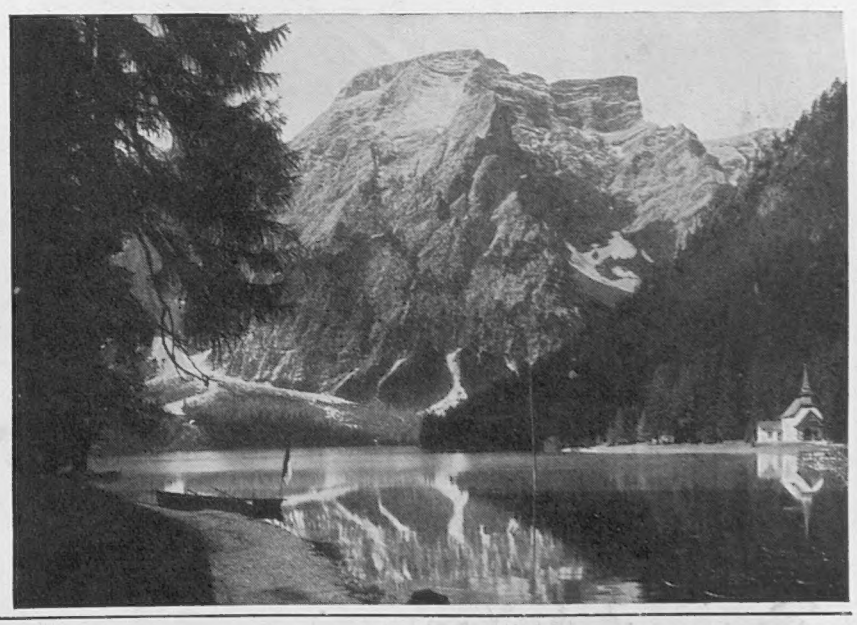

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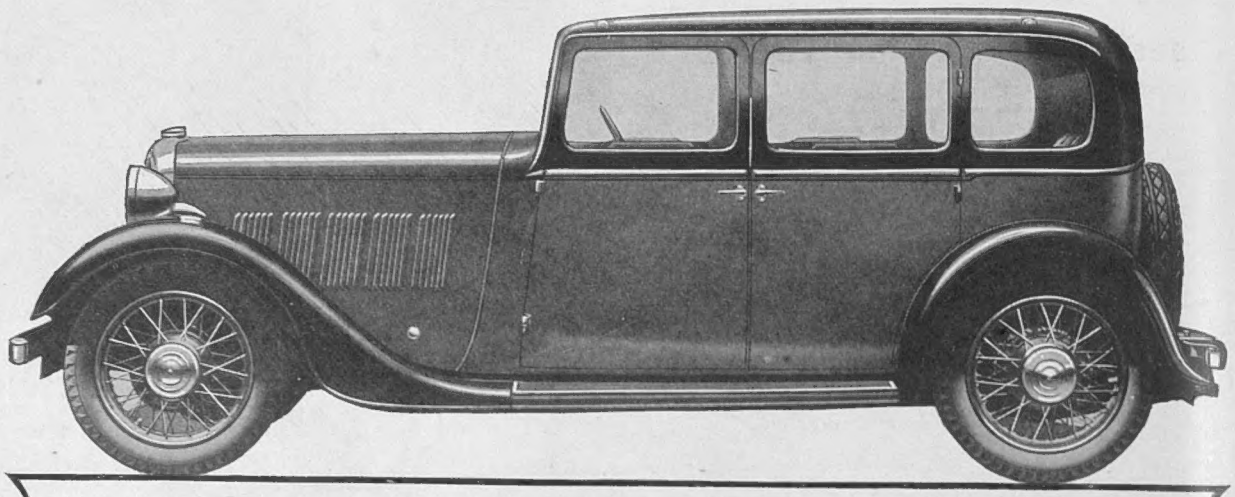

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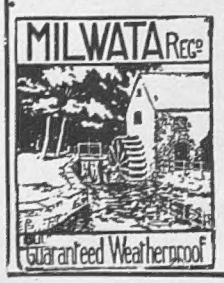

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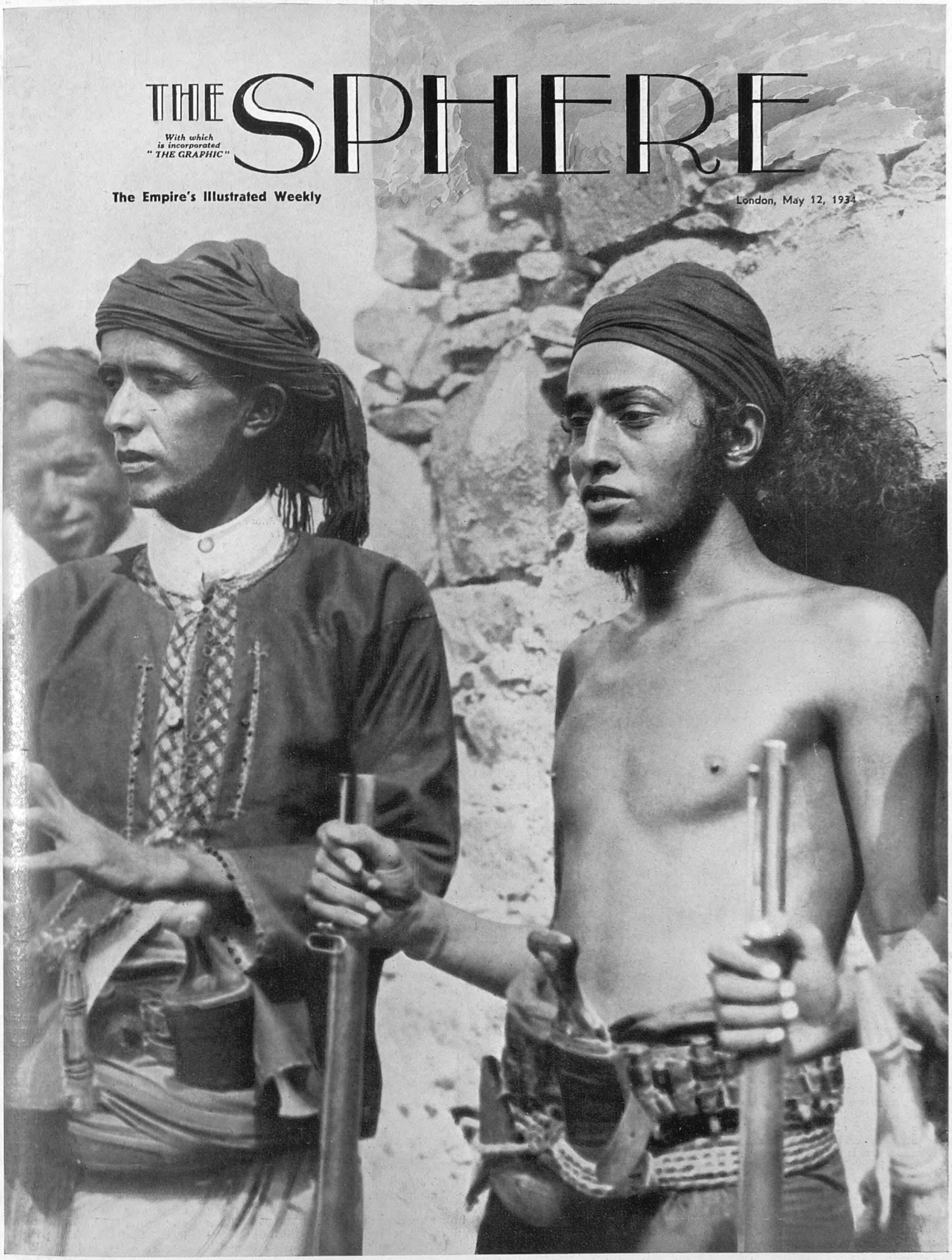
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 12, 1934



IN THE THEATRE OF WAR

Armed Tribesmen on the Northern Frontier of the Aden Protectorate

Britain is holding a watching brief in the war between King Ibn Saud and the Imam of Yemen, but the presence of the Royal Air Force on the scene of activity is a reminder to the warring monarchs not to interfere with British property, British subjects, or with the Arab tribesmen of the Aden Protectorate with whom this country has treaties of friendship. These tribesmen, two of whom are seen in the above picture, are of exceptional interest from a racial point of view. Yemenites claim to be pure Arabs, but these people just to the south of them are clearly a mixture of several neighbouring races. Their physical characteristics denote a strong link with the natives of East Africa, and this can be readily understood when it is realized that Southern Arabia was Christianized by Abyssinia in A.D. 500. Another striking feature of these inhabitants of Aden is their hair which, unlike that of the pure Arab, is not crisp and close cropped. Many of them appear to possess a tangled mass of thick unruly locks

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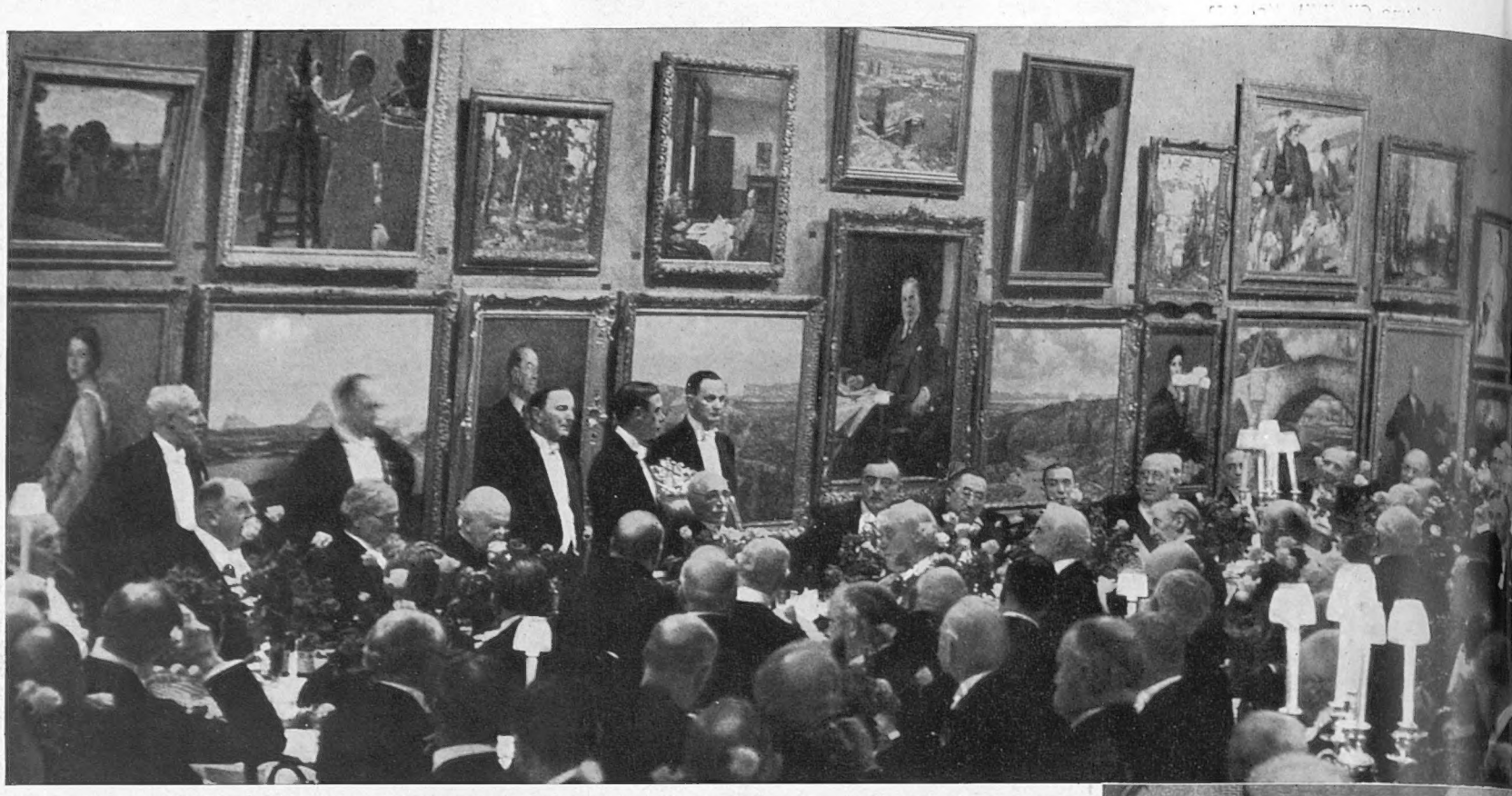


THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: The Prince of Wales speaking before the large and distinguished company at the banquet held to inaugurate the 166th Summer Exhibition. Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., are seen seated at the top table

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 9, 1934.

THE LONDON SEASON.—Paul Morand's is the latest book to impress upon us that the London of the Edwardian age could show the greatest ease and luxury of living for a privileged class and (for the same restricted circle) the highest degree of civilized amenity that has been recorded in the history of any age or country. It is probably true, albeit the diarists of a century ago and of mid-Victorian days can offer comparisons not less dazzling for circles still more restricted. The poetic pæan of Bulwer Lytton which may be read in *Lucile* impresses us even to-day with the tremendous significance attached to the beginning of May by High Society, when the season opened, as it still does, with the Academy banquet, and the new batch of débutantes "on sale for the strawberry leaves" enjoyed all the ephemeral publicity to-day accorded to Beauty Queens locally. The barriers are down now. The season still opens with the Academy banquet, but its significance is not confined to any one restricted class. And though I am *laudator temporis acti*, and regret the past splendours of entertainment afforded to the whole world by the great London private palaces, I am not at all sure that the "kick" has gone out of the opening of the season. If its characteristics have entirely altered, its significance is greater, spread as it is over an infinitely wider field. It has an immense bearing on the commercial success of many of our vital and leading industries. The textile trade, the shops, the hotel and restaurant, and the motor industries are directly affected, and with them the unemployed stand to benefit. Theatres, music, art, military and other shows and pageants, athletics and racing, charities, all these interests plot and plan in the winter in order to secure their share in the great divide contributed nowadays by every class in the State for enjoyment of the season's programme.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.—The London Season is indeed of immense importance to the nation and still, as of old, the admiration and envy of less fortunate nations. It can be said still, as ever: where else can you find, collected together in some chosen and small area, such a number of beautiful and well-dressed women, of splendid horses, not to add, of fine men? As for its sporting events, they grow in interest and break records year after year. For the débutante, the London season has a different meaning from that which impressed itself on her mother. Her mother, when she had made her first curtsey to her Sovereign, was made free of the hospitality of the seasons for just so long as it took her to find a really suitable husband. It might be one year, it might be five; she was still "on every list" if at the age of twenty-seven she was still searching for the ideal. Now, whether she marries "out of the schoolroom" or remains single, she has but one season of sheltered privilege to look forward to. Next year she will be regarded as fledged; she must stand on her own legs, depend for amusement on the circle of friends she has swiftly made, and make way in the ballroom for clamouring younger sisters. She is cast out to the night clubs in her second season. Portentous, indeed, the change! Only thirty years ago the London Season was, in one important aspect, a politely veiled commercial campaign to provide a hundred or so of the daughters of a privileged class with suitable husbands (from "strawberry leaves" as the ideal down to "an assured £1,500 a year without working for it" as the bare minimum). To-day the débutante cheerfully enters on matrimony (and is as cheerfully dismissed) on £600 pooled by the combined earnings of both parties; and the London Season remains, a vital source of profit and pleasure and interest to every class in the State. It is very well. It is indeed a national pageant, a national carnival, a national industry, and a national pride. Ring up the curtain! pull up the shop blinds!

SHUT UP, YOU . . . .—Sir Thomas Beecham opened his London Season, 1934, with three well-chosen words, and a fourth at least indicated. He said, "Shut up, you . . ." He addressed one of scores of chattering, inquisitive, insensible "ladies from the provinces" who came to "see the royalties and stars" and endure the necessary rigours of Beethoven in the process. It costs so much to buy a good seat, and of course one's eyes must be everywhere if one is to make the extravagance worth while, and when one spots a nob it is part of the game to holloa to one's neighbour and opponent in the game of "chase the ace." Sir Thomas has in the past been sometimes unwisely frank and cross with us, the public. We are, unfortunately for him, the only public which can make or mar British efforts to produce opera and good music. And, of course, we are a mixed crowd. I share his view that we are mostly pigs, cows, parrots, and chattering apes, and I am inclined to think that "Shut up, you . . ." is not too strong an expression to address to a smart woman in diamonds and velvet chattering to her friend in the stalls during a Leonora overture. Indeed, I think Sir Thomas made an admirable speech when called on to open Vanity Fair, 1934. Short, and to the point. What is certain is that the reproof could never have been deserved by a Sadler's Wells or Old Vic audience. It is that part of the public which can afford to pay three guineas for a fashionable first night which is devoid of taste and decency—in a word, the aristocracy of our enlightened age.

HEADQUARTERS OF CRICKET.—The social clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's are in the doldrums. The truth is slowly penetrating to club committees, as they ruefully examine waiting lists diminished to vanishing point, that the great club idea of Regency days has undergone a radical transformation. No longer do young men relish a monastic seclusion in Italianate saloons furnished with vast leather-covered sofas, nor the atmosphere of inviolate, silent, aristocratic, and masculine seclusion that suggests "a nobleman lying dead upstairs"! They need swimming baths, squash courts, quick-lunch bars, cocktail bars, and a place where they can entertain their womenfolk in comfort and with economy. Hence the troubles of club-land. But it is very different with sport and country clubs, and if the M.C.C. does not afford all the amenities which youth needs it is amazingly good value for money and in a very flourishing condition. In a test match season, of course, the clamour for membership increases. Everybody realizes the advantages of watching the Australians as privileged and uncrowded Corinthians in the pavilion. There are 5,000 paying members of the M.C.C. There is a waiting list of 12,000, many of whom have waited for the honour for thirty-three years and grown grey in the process. A proposal is now sanctioned to increase membership (limited at present to 6,000) to 7,000. This will mean increasing pavilion accommodation by building over Block Q with a communication with the south end of the pavilion on the first floor. I have no doubt that it will be done. The pavilion is very seldom overcrowded. When during famous fixtures it is crowded, the result is stimulating rather than disagreeable. I shall never cease to be thankful for the boon of membership nor for the luck which enabled me to secure election as a playing member within five months of putting my name down. Fortunately for me, I was not called on to make good my claim to be a "playing" member on any very serious or stricken field. And now I am accepted as an "aged and infirm" (in I Zingari phrase) member, free to criticize the active list. And needless to mention, on my first visit to Lord's this season to watch the

"THE MADDEST, MERRIEST DAY": The May Queen and her procession passing the birthplace of John Bunyan at the festival held at Elstow, Bedfordshire, last week

Down-unders opening their shoulders on May 12, I shall enjoy my privileges to the full. Other business at the M.C.C.'s meeting last week included the election of Lord Cromer to succeed Lord Hailsham as chairman of the club's incomparable committee.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON'S SPORTING FIXTURES.

—The King went off to Newmarket—as his predecessors Charles II and George IV were wont to do—to see the first of the season's classics run. Probably never in the history of the 2,000 Guineas, unless in 1896 (St. Frusquin), was so much unanimity expressed for the chances of the favourite — Lord Glanely's invincible Colombo, trained by Captain Hogg and ridden by Johnstone. The only "question" about this famous money-spinner is as to his temper. He is said by some to be savage and uncertain, but it is impossible to find anyone on a race-course who yet has been once bitten or twice shy of Colombo. But he certainly gave an exhibition of high spirits and an anxious minute before the start of the race. Campanula took the "One Thousand" also very much as a matter of course. At St. Andrews the golfers have been busy, and the R. and A. chose the most charming of journalists and most steady of golfers for their new captain, Bernard Darwin to wit, and thereafter went out on to the fairway to decide the issue of Medal Day. And all is now set for the most stimulating of the golfing fixtures, the amateur championship. The Australians have played their first fixture against Worcestershire, a pleasant picnic under the apple blossom and, in a word, the great sporting and social carnival is launched, and there are several jolly months of it to go.

THE ACADEMY.

—I am quite definitely decided that mere obstinate ridicule of Academy pictures which we do not understand or which do not appeal to us is neither sensible nor effective. It is a fashion which is *vieux jeu*—always excepting *Punch's* shrewd and good-humoured chaff which artists themselves regard as a high honour, coming from the nation's licensed court jester. Therefore I stand before Mr. Stanley Spencer's "Parents' Resurrection," puzzled but with the eye of faith seeing posterity bidding high in the generations to come for this masterpiece by one who, we are told, will be acknowledged as a pioneer and master when the work of contemporary accepted Academicians is stored in attics. Indeed, if I have smiles to bestow, I prefer to bestow them on Lavery's "Prime Minister at Lossiemouth," not as a work of art but as a political lampoon, for a happier title would surely be: "Portrait of a Politician falling between two stools." A year or so ago the Prince of Wales made a sound suggestion that, with the decline of large houses and the growth of the flat habit, portraits should be painted in kit-cat or smaller size. His suggestion has not been taken and the old objection to large portraits still holds—they are like crimes committed in youth; they cannot be hid, cannot be forgotten, cannot be buried. The murderer is hanged and cut down. The large oil portrait must hang for ever. Which is all very well for Mr. Elwes's pleasant, if conventional, portrait of the Princess Royal; for Harewood House is still in commission. And Mr. Frampton's extremely clever "Bishop of Exeter" can be assured of a fitting and spacious setting. But the average large oil portraits of common-place people and the inevitable family groups (including son with gun and bloody proof of his prowess, four-footed friends, and womenfolk in gala costume), these, as we know, are a dismal heirloom and are fair game for our good-humoured chaff.

ARTISTS AND POLITICIANS.

—There are too many pictures, as ever, and I feel sure that the solution is the restriction of the number of individual entries. It remains to say that the Royal Academy is an ever-increasing force in the vital task of educating public taste in social life, social reform, commerce, and industry, and deserves our respect and support; and it remains to comment that deterioration in interest and merit, was to be observed far more in the speeches at the Academy banquet than in the pictures which hung behind and before the speakers. The truth is, our Ministers are tired, the ancient clichés have been said *ad nauseam*, and political speeches are no longer effective as Government advertising. To the speeches of politicians—thanks to wireless—we can no longer endure to listen. But let no man despise an Academy exhibition which shows Epstein's "Einstein" and those fine portraits by John and Sickert.

QUEEN VICTORIA ON THE STAGE.

—A sense of injury was expressed in one or two quarters at the decision of the Lord Chancellor that no dramatic representation of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert should be allowed in pageant or on the stage, by the King's desire, during his lifetime. That sense of injury does not strike me as justified, though it is common enough to find lesser notables portrayed in drama during the lifetime of their children and grandchildren. In my view, the King has taken a stand for good taste and decency. In an age when it is fashionable to regard any generation but our own as mildly ridiculous nothing is sacred. The lives of our distinguished fathers and grandfathers are freely exploited to draw guineas from theatre and film-goers and from library subscribers. In the case of royalty there is a stronger reason for checking this licence. But, political considerations apart, it might be remembered that the last of Queen Victoria's children are still among us. I ask you, should you welcome a presentation in a popular stage spectacle of your mother and father, by actors perhaps indifferently made up to resemble them, to be gaped at by an ignorant and giggling audience.

MY BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

—It is high time I said another word of thanks to my self-appointed Boston (Mass.) correspondent who for more years than I care to think has sent me clippings and views and prophecies concerning American politics and European developments. The only way in which I can return thanks is in print in the "Newsletter." For my correspondent is anonymous and never reveals a hint of his/her identity. But he must be a woman, she cannot be a man! So I thank her. She is Anglophile, which suits me, and terribly knowledgeable about French royalist pretenders, and generally is nuts on the Bourbons. My only quarrel with her is that her assurance on all subjects is so assured that she humiliates me.

THE OLD STAGER

CONDUCTING OPERA WITH A ROD OF IRON: Sir Thomas Beecham, the energetic stickler for operatic etiquette, rehearsing his famous Covent Garden orchestra

A CURRENT

INSPECTING BRITAIN'S MECHANIZED ARMY: Prince Kaya, who is a major in the Japanese cavalry, paid a visit to Aldershot last week and witnessed a mimic tank attack and other manœuvres. He is seen here with Brigadier Francis Bullock-Marsham

AIR MAIL, OLD STYLE: A very rapid impression of the Secretary of State for Air, releasing a pigeon with a message to the Postmaster-General after he had opened the International Air-Post Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall. Stamps, letters, and celebration post-cards have been assembled to illustrate the development of the air-mail service

HIS LATEST ROLE: Trebitsch Lincoln (right), who was in succession a curate in Kent, M.P. for Darlington, and a German spy, arrived in Liverpool this week on the C.P.R. liner, *Duchess of York*, accompanied by six Buddhist monks and four nuns. He himself was dressed as a monk, and now calls himself Abbot Chao Kung. He is to be deported

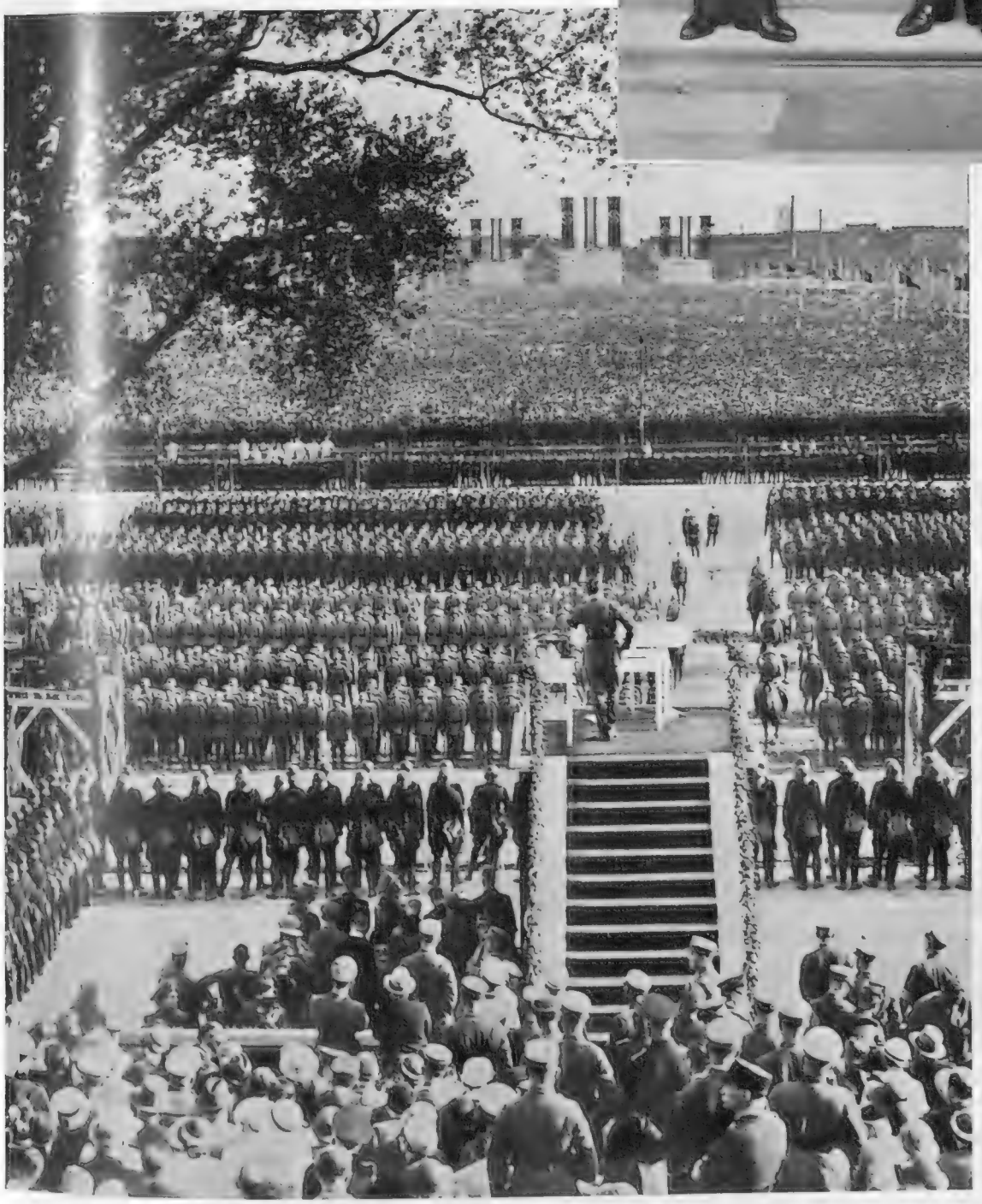
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ALFRED CODRINGTON, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, inspecting the regiment at Wellington Barracks on the occasion of his eightieth birthday

PERILOUS PERCHES: The Scottish express, the *Aberdonian*, has been loaned to British Lion Films in order that dramatic exterior shots of a fight on the tender could be made for their new picture, *Night Mail*

NEWS SURVEY

ROYAL INTEREST: King Victor Emmanuel admiring a bust of Signor Mussolini during his tour of inspection of the Fascist Exhibition in Rome. On the previous day the king opened the twenty-ninth Italian Parliament, and in a speech from the throne emphasized the "indissoluble ties binding together the Royal House and the Fascist régime"

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: Sir George Clerk (second from left) photographed after he had presented his letters of credence to M. Lebrun at the Elysée. On the left is M. Becq de Fouquières, who introduced Sir George to the President



MAY DAY IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL: The second National Socialist "day of national labour" was celebrated on May 1, when a vast concourse of 2,000,000 people assembled in the Tempelhoferfeld to hear an address from Herr Hitler. The Chancellor is seen speaking from the rostrum

HIS DÉBUT BEFORE THE MICROPHONE: Prince Farouk, heir to the Egyptian throne, making his first broadcast speech at a Boy Scouts' athletic meeting in Cairo

WAR IN ARABIA:

Scenes in the Aden Protectorate—An Outpost of Territory of the Ruler of Yemen whose Throne

A GUARDIAN OF THE FRONTIER: The Imam of Yemen's constant incursions into the Aden Protectorate at one time caused the British authorities grave concern. The arrival of a Royal Air Force squadron quickly changed matters, however, and it was not long before the Imam and his people, appreciating the potentialities of aircraft, evacuated the greater portion of the territory into which they had encroached

MAKING A TOUR OF THE TERRITORY: Responsibility for the defence of the Protectorate is vested in the Air Ministry which maintains a Royal Air Force squadron at Aden. In this picture an R.A.F. armoured car is seen negotiating rough country

The Struggle for Arabian Hegemony

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE STRUGGLE between King Ibn Saud and the Imam of the Yemen is a purely Arabian affair, alike in origin and execution.

There is no question of active British intervention. Just as in the Wahhabi attack upon the Hejaz, which began ten years ago, Great Britain refused to listen to the frenzied appeals for help from the late King Hussein, so now she favours neither side. The presence of British ships and aeroplanes off Red Sea ports is but a precaution designed to safeguard the individual lives and property of British subjects.

The point of complete British neutrality is worth making. Another, which so far has escaped notice in the Press, concerns the nature of this sudden Wahhabi irruption into the Yemen. It is no novelty, this Wahhabi advance into South-west Arabia. In the vast expansion of the first Wahhabi Empire at the turn of the eighteenth century, much the same movement marked the Arab Puritans' progress as that which they now are executing. Exactly 130 years ago, for instance, the Wahhabis, who had already overrun the Hejaz, and, from their native Nejd, had raided Iraq and Syria, captured all the Yemeni coastal towns as far as Mokha, that is, farther south than they now are. Yet they did not conquer the Yemen highlands, and the first Wahhabi Empire ultimately vanished almost as if it had never been. (It was, incidentally, during the disintegration of the Yemen, consequent upon this southward Wahhabi drive, that the British bombarded and occupied Aden.)

Last century, however, the world of Islam provided an enemy to the zealots of Nejd in the shape of armies from Egypt. It was the Egyptians who really destroyed the first Wahhabi Empire. To-day, despite the reported appeal from the Imam of the Yemen to King Fuad of Egypt, there is no extra-Arabian power which would care to attempt to stay the advance of Ibn Saud.

Now although the causes of this Arabian war are familiar, there is obscurity surrounding the ultimate intentions of the contestants. Doubtless Ibn Saud would wish to rid Arabia of the Imam and to proclaim his virtual authority over the whole of "Arabia Felix." But can he do this without actually conquering the mountains of the Yemen? That depends mainly upon how vigorously the Yemenis are prepared to stand by their ruler and to defend their own.

Empire Bordering the
is Now in Jeopardy

ALMOST A ORT: The home
of an ab Chief of the
otectorate

THE ARAB PLAYS HIS PART IN THE DEFENCE OF ADEN: This tribesman, like many others, has been taught by the Royal Air Force to transmit and receive wireless messages. In time of war his services would be invaluable. The tribesmen also make excellent soldiers

A MINOR CHIEFTAIN of South-Western Arabia. He is not of pure Arab stock

RAIL, CAR, AND CAMEL: Three modes of transport—a scene near Aden. *Left*—THE BOY WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF: A youthful Arab with his gun

All the past history of the Yemen would suggest that its people will resist to the last the present invaders. The Yemenis, living a remote, self-satisfied life, are fiercely proud of their independence. Both racially and in their religion they are poles apart from the strict Wahhabi Bedouin. Between them there are immemorial hatred and contempt. Moreover, the Yemenis, unlike most Arab communities, are not nomadic, but settled. The peasants are attached to the soil. They do not fight for a "cause," or even for a "man"; they fight for their homes, their cultivated terraces, their land. Assuredly, although the loss to the Wahhabis of their Red Sea ports is a blow, the Yemenis are not beaten yet.

The Aden Protectorate To-day

THE WHOLE REGION known as the Aden Protectorate stretches from the coast opposite the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb to a point roughly 600 miles east of Aden and has an area of about 9,000 square miles. The Aden Settlement is administered by the Government of India, the Colonial Office being responsible for the Protectorate, and the responsibility for the defence organization is vested in the Air Ministry.

The town of Aden and the Peninsula were annexed by the East India Company in 1839, being vested in the Crown as part of India in 1858. A strip of the sea coast and the Little Aden Peninsula were subsequently purchased, the total area of the Settlement now being some 75 square miles, with a mixed population of about 56,000.

The Protectorate comprises the territories of some 13 major and a number of minor tribes, with whom Treaties of Friendship and Protection were made at various dates during the latter part of last century.

To the north of the Protectorate lies the Yemen, which was under the Turks from 1871 to 1918. The frontier which runs from Turba on the Red Sea to Wadi Bana at Qataba and thence N.E. into the desert, was delineated with the Turks in a series of agreements in 1903–1905. During the War the Turks occupied a considerable part of the Protectorate, and when they retired at the end of the War their place was taken by the Imam of Yemen, who continued his encroachments with impunity and illegally levied taxes upon the tribes who were under our protection. Until 1928 we had not the means in the Protectorate to prevent the Imam from continuing his encroachments, and a military expedition would have been very costly in both life and treasure.

The arrival of a Royal Air Force squadron in Aden, however, completely changed this state of affairs in a very short space of time at a quite nominal cost.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

"WHAT MAN DARE, I DARE": Mrs. G. E. Alington, who is fifty-four years of age, made her first parachute jump at Brooklands Aerodrome last week. She is the mother of six sons, but none of them knew that she was going to make the jump

A RETURN IN TRIUMPH: Fräulein Bergner, who has been recuperating for several weeks from her illness, resumed her part in *Escape Me Never!* on Monday night when a large audience was present to greet her

THE RACING MACHINE: Lord Glanely's great colt Colombo, who scored his ninth successive victory last week by winning the Two Thousand Guineas. He started a hot favourite, but only just managed to hold off a determined challenge by Easton, the French entry

EACH WILL RULE FOR A DAY: The six girls who have been selected as queens for Southampton's great carnival next month. Above—Dorothy Dowley and Joyce Saunders. Centre—Vera Naish and Betty Terrell. Below—Dolores Kerley and Margaret Ralfe

IN SPARKLING FORM: The Australians played the first match of their tour at Worcester, where they were welcomed by a crowd of over 8,000. Don Bradman, who has started off in his best form, scored a brilliant double century. He is seen here making a characteristic stroke on the leg side

ROME EXPRESS: Miss Jayne Manners, of the New York Midnight Follies, seen before leaving England for Rome on the accelerated service which has been inaugurated by the Air France Company. Passengers now leave Croydon at 10 a.m. and arrive in time for dinner

PERSONALITIES AT THE INVERESK GOLFING SOCIETY MEETING AT WORPLESDON: *Left*—Mr. J. S. Bradley and Mr. A. Hepworth. *Centre*—Mr. Dudley Maddick, who won the cup, driving from the first tee. *Right*—Mr. Andrew Milne, Mr. W. C. Nisbett, and Colonel Morphett

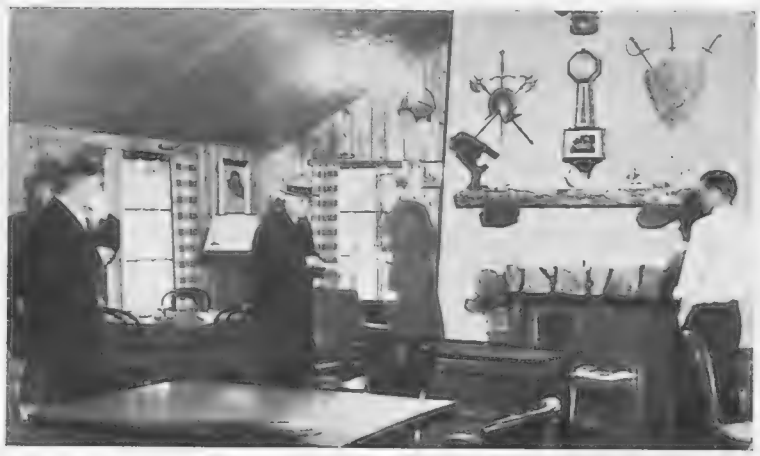
"PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1"

A Series of Pictures that Reveal the Seamy Side of the U.S.A.

JOHN DILLINGER'S LITTLE OLD HOME TOWN: The main street of Mooresville, Indiana, in the farm on the outskirts of which "Public Enemy No. 1" was "raised." "Main Street" civilization is apt to breed such desperadoes

"SNAKE-EYES": John Dillinger, whose exploits reveal at once a misplaced ingenuity, a grim humour, and a perverted valour, has cut a swath through the police forces of the country

PLOUGHING A FURROW OF SORROW: J. W. Dillinger on his Indiana farm. In his hand is a petition for an amnesty for his son



WHERE LIFE WAS THE STAKE: The lobby of the little Bohemia road-house near Mercer, Wisconsin, where Dillinger and his gang—including three women—took refuge and played cards until, attacked by federal agents, they shot their way out, killing two and wounding four

PUBLIC ENEMIES NOS. 2 and 3: Spot and Prince, dogs of Mrs. Wanatka, proprietress of the road-house, unwittingly warned Dillinger of the approach of the federal agents

THE "BAD" COMPANIONS of John Dillinger arrested after a "battle." They refused to disclose their identity

THE TOOLS OF HIS TRADE: A selection from the arsenal found by federal agents in the Mercer road-house from which Dillinger was driven. "Rods" (revolvers) and "tommy-guns" (sub-machine guns) form the bulk

GATEWAY TO LIBERTY: The window through which Public Enemy No. 1 escaped from the Bohemia road-house

VICTIM OF GANGLAND: Mrs. Yetta Einhorn shot dead by an unknown hand in New York's East-Side ghetto. The stark realism of this picture brings the failure of American civilization vividly before us

ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR: W. Carter Baum, agent of the U.S. Department of Justice, who died at the hands of the Dillinger gang

EMBELLISHED WITH BUDDHAS BY THE THOUSAND: The Mahabuddha Temple, one of the loveliest Buddhist shrines in Patan. The images of Gautama are carved on the exterior

CLIMBING TO — Hidden City of

INVESTITURE: The Maharaja of Nepal with the chief members of the ruling family at a Durbar at which Sir Frederick O'Connor (centre), former British Envoy in Nepal, was invested with a decoration of the country

THE HIMALAYAS FORM such an impregnable wall to the north-east frontier of India that one is apt to regard them as the utmost boundary of civilization. It is hard to believe that any world of men and cities, of art and culture, can exist among those hostile ramparts of Nature, piled ever steeper and more rugged until they culminate triumphantly in the greatest height of the world.

But in fact that range conceals lands so fascinating that India pales before them, the age-old civilizations of Central Asia whose full secrets will perhaps never be laid bare. To the north-east lies Tibet, to the north-west Chinese Turkestan. But in the centre, nestling among the great peaks, lies a country hardly better known, smaller, it is true, but in its way more interesting than either—Nepal.

The first stage of the journey into Nepal is relatively civilized: twenty-five miles on the Nepal Government Railway, which leaves the Indian frontier on the plains to climb slowly up through the dense Terai jungle; another twenty-five by car alongside the dry, white bed of a river, through ever-steepening country. At Bimpedi the road ends.

Henceforward the two days' journey to Katmandu is on horseback and on foot across the mountains. A pony awaits the traveller to carry him to the top of the first big pass, and as he turns its nose up the slope he sheds his last connecting link with Indian civilization—little thinking that he is on his way to another ten times more remarkable.

BAREFOOT BOYS AND GIRLS: A group of charming Nepali children grouped at a street corner in Katmandu

THE FIRST NIGHT, after a steady climb through Himalayan jungle turned silver-green by the sun, sees him at Sisaghari, where a Nepalese rest-house, forewarned, provides every comfort. Next morning begins the more arduous part of the journey to Katmandu. The path is very steep and rocky, at times almost perpendicular, and it is easy to realize how her geographical position helps Nepal to keep out the stranger and preserve a unique and glorious independence.

Were it not for the sturdy little mountain pony to bear the brunt, it would be like Samuel Butler's arduous journey into Erewhon, down fearsome precipices, with rivers viewed as if through the wrong end of a telescope thousands of feet below. But the country is busy and cultivated. An endless stream of human traffic toils up and down the road to Katmandu; coolies of either sex and every age, bent beneath enormous loads; Tibetans on pilgrimage to the Buddhist shrines of Swayambunath and Boddhnath; peasants moving from place to place on the business of cultivation.

And in their features are the signs of a different civilization: for here is no Indian people, here is surely a Mongolian race. The traveller is once again within the ethnological radius of Central Asia, amid an attractive, wide-faced, narrow-eyed people to whom his sympathies instantly warm.

The landscape converges steeply around him; wine-dark terraced earth with foliage of green. Continually the path is forced upwards to escape the lumbering incursions of the mountains, descending again when the slopes retreat to a safe distance.

Imminent at the end of a valley appears the steep Chandragiri Ridge, beyond which is Katmandu. But it seems to block the way impenetrably. In vain does the traveller search for a break in its wall. There is none; he must go straight at it, perpendicular as it is. The pony, protesting slightly, braces itself for the final assault, and jerks up those precipitous 3,000 ft. in a series of sharp zig-zags.

At the top his exertions are well and truly rewarded. For there, stretched far below, is the great Valley of Katmandu, a valley so wide that at first it seems an illusion, and beyond it, at a height too fantastic to be true, the snow ridge of the Himalayan peaks. To find this broad, rich plain beyond the tortuous clefts of the road behind is utterly unexpected, utterly thrilling, like the discovery of some lost world.

BUT IF THE FIRST SIGHT of the Valley of Nepal is a surprise, it is nothing to what follows. The traveller descends from the heights to a centre of unforeseen civilization. A motor road covers the last few miles to the city of Katmandu itself, where palaces of European grandeur rise on every hand, Gurkhas are drilling on a vast parade ground of smooth grass, and motor cars speed swiftly over wide boulevards.

The motor cars are perhaps the greatest marvel of all, considering that the only road to this valley is that rough mountain track. To-day there are 500 cars in Katmandu, and each one has been carried into the country by man-power alone. It takes 100 coolies, in two shifts, to carry a motor car over the passes.

Still more remarkable, as an example of human strength, are the steam rollers which flatten the roads, and the huge equestrian statues, cast in solid

KATMANDU

Nepal : Reminiscent of London Before the Great Fire

By PATRICK BALFOUR

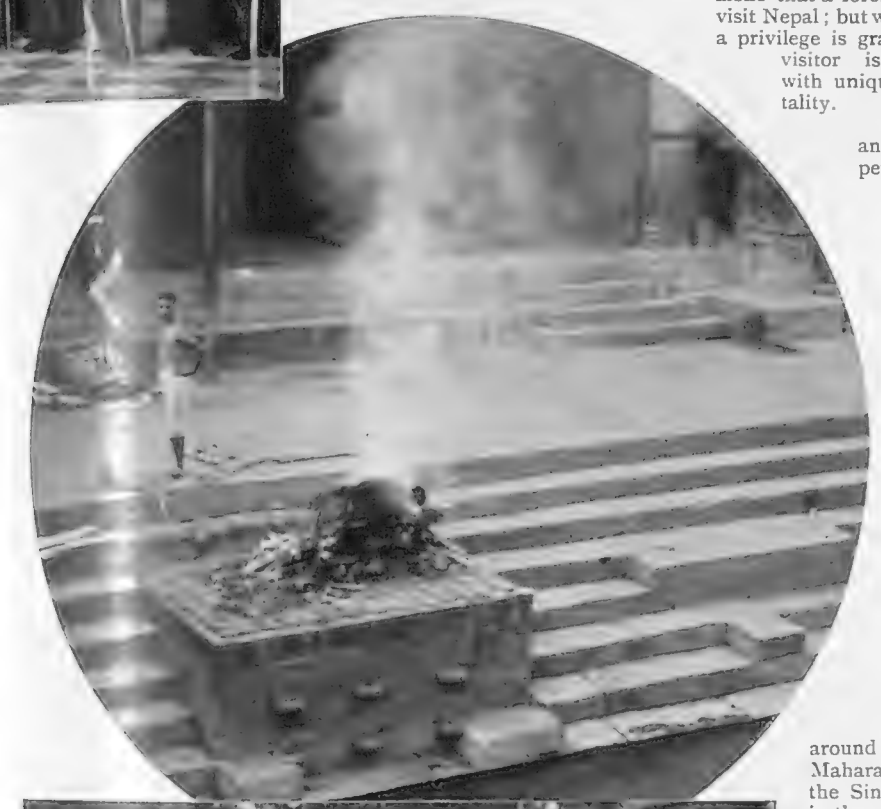
bronze, whose entrance to the country has been by the same route. The porters of Nepal are justly famed as the strongest in the world.

NEPAL WAS CONQUERED by the Gurkhas towards the end of the eighteenth century, and her present rulers, the Rana family, come of a fine Rajput stock. She has preserved throughout history a unique independence and, though at one time she was conquered by China and recognized her suzerainty, such recognition was never more than formal and soon became a mere legend.

In modern times, though she has adopted such Western innovations as conduce to her comfort, she has firmly withstood all such European influence as might undermine her strength, and retains an aloofness and pride of race which render her one of the most individual nations in the world. But though remote, Nepal is no backwater. Her finger is for ever on the pulse of modern culture and world politics.

No taint of democracy has touched Nepal. Her government remains an absolute autocracy, administered with admirable justice and efficiency of organization. Her army, so generously lent to Great Britain during the War, is the finest in Asia. Her king is not the ruler of the country but rather a religious figure-head, while all the power is in the hands of the Maharaja or hereditary Prime Minister. It is on his invitation alone that a foreigner can visit Nepal; but when such a privilege is granted the visitor is greeted with unique hospitality.

A WELCOME REST: Nepali coolie women lay down their burdens for a momentary respite



PROTECTED: Sacred monkeys scampering down a staircase at Pashupati, the most sacred Hindu shrine in the world. *In circle*—A burning ghat in the same temple

Just because all and sundry are not permitted to swarm there it is a mistake to regard Nepal as a forbidden country, any more than you would describe, say, Chatsworth as a "forbidden" house. The Maharaja, with admirable good sense, chooses to invite only those whom he knows to his country, just as an Englishman endeavours to keep strangers from trespassing on his private domains.

Each member of the ruling family has his own palace, of which there are some thirty in and around Katmandu. The Maharaja's official palace, the Singha Darbar, stands in the centre, and to see the family assembled for a durbar in its setting of glittering mirrors, shining floors, and crystal chandeliers is an impressive experience,

With their scarlet uniforms, laden with orders and decorations, they wear jewelled head-dresses of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. That of the Maharaja himself has a bunch of huge emeralds, like a bunch of grapes, over one ear, while a circle of emeralds drops from the brim, the whole crowned by two unrivalled groups of diamonds, representing the emblems of sun and moon. It was hardly such splendour as this which the traveller expected to find after so primitive a journey.

BUT BY FAR THE MOST remarkable side of Nepal is the wealth of her artistic and architectural beauty. The old town of Katmandu and the neighbouring cities of Patan and Bhatgaon, once capitals of Nepal as Katmandu is today, stand quite apart from the modern city, untouched, unblemished since the fifteenth century. Nor are they dead, as monuments of the past so often are, but filled with life, with people living still as they lived 500 years ago, worshipping in the temples, living, sleeping, eating in the houses, trading in the shops of those days. And the men of those days, the Newaris, who formed the original population of Nepal before the Gurkha conquest, were a race of artists unequalled in any part of the world. Only in the Italy of the Renaissance (belonging incidentally to the same period in time) do you find anything to approach the artistic impulse that animated every one of them. Artistically, Nepal is to Asia as Italy to Europe. Yet even this seems an understatement of Newari inspiration.

THE NEWARI STYLE of temple architecture is entirely peculiar to Nepal, and is even said to have inspired the Chinese pagoda. The first sight of one of the three Darbar Squares in the valley, mainly paved with brick, is an astonishing revelation of the shapes which the human mind can conceive, for which nothing in India prepares one. In this wide space the brown-tiled roofs of innumerable brick temples and palaces—jagged diagonal planes—cut across the sky in a kaleidoscope pattern. Each building in itself, mounted on a platform of steps, is of entirely regular design. Tiled roofs, sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes five, fit neatly one above the other, in perfect symmetry.

IN NEPAL, AS in no other country in the world, Hinduism and Buddhism go hand in hand, so that the religious symbols of each figure indiscriminately in the temples, Buddhas mingling curiously with figures of Ganesh and Krishna. Peculiar to Nepalese temples again are the high stone pillars in front of the entrance, crowned with a carving in copper gilt of some mythical figure or else an effigy of the lay monarch of the period. Stone temples in different styles among the pagodas vary the architectural landscape, and many are among the finest gems of Nepalese architecture; tall Hindu cones, richly carved, pyramidal erections of colonnades and kiosks.

Walking through these narrow, twisting, cobbled streets of warm brick, adorned with wonderfully carved windows, an irregular outline of eaves and roofs above, one gets some inkling of what England may have looked like in the Elizabethan Age. Though the styles are so different the materials are the same, and in Katmandu, in the wilds of Asia, among people still unspoilt by civilization, it is possible to imagine oneself in London before the Great Fire, 300 years ago, 5,000 miles away. For the difference between East and West is one of time rather than of space or appearance.

ALAS, the lovely cities of Nepal have suffered more than any cities of India in the recent earthquake! Can Nepal ever be restored to her former artistic glories? I believe she can. As late as 1850 we have evidence, at Pashupati, that the skill and inspiration of the Nepalese craftsman has not waned.

Though the Gurkha is primarily a fighter the Newari is still an artist, and the present Maharaja, with great enlightenment, has done all in his power to prevent the old Newari inspiration from dying. Schools have been established in which the ancient craftsmen instruct the younger generation in the mysteries of their craft, lest it be forgotten.

So Nepal will be rebuilt, a shining example to the many other beautiful countries of the East which perish in the welter of modern civilization.

SITTING TIGHT at SUEZ

A Coming Problem in Anglo-French Relations Posed by the Canal

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WELCOME: The de Lesseps statue at Port Said—duplicated in the Paris office from which the Canal is administered

IT HAS TAKEN ME all these years to discover that Paris has no "City" such as we know east of Ludgate.

Big business and affairs are scattered over half-a-dozen districts on the Seine, and thus it was that my quest for the headquarters of the Suez Canal led me to within a cricket ball's throw of the Élysée. I found a massive edifice hidden away in a gloomy back street. But there, in the doorway, was cheer. There stood, welcoming me, a replica of that famous statue at the Port Said entrance to his wonder-work, Ferdinand de Lesseps. "Please come through, all of you!" de Lesseps seems to be saying; which was, in fact, what he did say.

Something of an old-world courtesy, from tried and bechained retainers, surrounds the caller as he proceeds down corridors displaying paintings, prints, models of that great hyphen between West and East. At one point attention is halted by a wall space of bronze plaques and photographs.

Scrutiny shows them to refer to the illustrious ones of the Third Republic—Presidents, Premiers, Foreign Ministers, Ambassadors. All have been directors of the Suez Canal Company—MM. Doumergue and Barthou supplying the political pull of the moment. It is the plum of retirement (and before), the most joyous financial perch of the day. The work: a dozen formal attendances a year, and not too strict attendances either. The emolument: £3,300. (If you have read up your subject, you reflect: "There is allowance made in the balance sheet for a pension of £900 a year to the de Lesseps family.")

Now, whatever Dizzy brought off in the way of a coup for England, there is absolutely no sign of that country at Canal H.Q. in Paris any more than there is on the spot at Port Said, Ismailia, or Tewfik. The entire "works," human and other, are French, exception being made of ten British directors among thirty-two and a lone Dutch director. The English directors are:

T. Harrison Hughes	Sir A. Cayzer
Sir E. Wildbore-Smith	Sir T. Royden
Sir Robert Horne	Sir Ian Malcolm
Sir John Cadman	Sir J. T. Davies
Sir Alan Anderson	Earl of Cromer

The last three represent the British Government's block of 46 per cent. of the shares of the company. The other names should indicate that at least our shipping and oil interests are well looked after.

THE FRENCH are gloriously—and rightly—proud of this, their greatest national achievement outside France. You will never find anybody to challenge (a) de Lesseps' brilliant pertinacity against a world of enemies or scoffers; (b) the entirely adequate and courteous contemporary conduct of the Canal. If we rescued the Canal at one stage from going to pot, and have ever been its overwhelming prop (last year 55 per cent. of the total traffic was ours, the next being the Dutch with 9 per cent., and the French nowhere at all), the administrative and executive ends remain wrapt as jealously in the Tricolor as ever they've been. In the rue d'Astorg the fact at once imposes itself. Financial and engineering sections, banking, legal, and other departments are uniformly staffed by a French secretariat, and it is the same out in Egypt though the company is nominally an Egyptian one.

I found H.Q. very busy over its Annual Report, shortly due, which will be read, each year now, with increasing analysis. And it occurred to me what a treasure house of world facts was this mansion in a Paris back street.

"The House of Four Continents," I thought.

Every blessed fact collected concerning the commerce and trade of Europe, Asia, Australia, and Africa (America, too, yet Panama reduces that story considerably). What harvests will be like, the effect of economic nationalism, of Japanese dumping and British pipe-lines, the challenge of the longer Cape route and of the far cheaper Panama passage, shipbuilding projects, the probable world demands for oil, coal, metals, cereals, sugar, wool, wheat.

FROM PARIS, then, policy is exported out to executive H.Q. at Ismailia, there to be put into practice. Work on the Canal is never-ending; prolonging breakwaters, dredging, widening, straightening; and some 2,500 natives are permanently employed at a cost of £800,000 in yearly wages.

"I suppose," says Sir I. Malcolm, "no body of workmen in Egypt, and few elsewhere, are in such comfortable circumstances for, apart from their financial and industrial situation, the company provides them with cheap houses, dispensaries, hospital accommodation, co-operative stores, schools, sports and—most important of all—a plentiful supply of filtered water at the price of 50 centimes a ton."

Just now a new native town is being built opposite Said, Port Fuad.

As for the French personnel, its garden city oasis on the banks at Ismailia is the envy of White Egypt. Sons and relatives all want to get into the service of the company which can be so lavish, including an allocation of 2 per cent. of profits to employees. In return, the personnel gives of its best.

The Canal can now be traversed in just over thirteen hours. A monstrosity like the *Eagle*, 23,000 tons, can get through. Slightly less than 100 miles long, the Canal's average depth is now 45 ft., and width 70 yards. About fifteen ships can pass in the twenty-four hours, including piloting by dazzling projectors fixed aboard at night. Vessels have to tie up to allow others to pass: that accounts for the apparently small number sailing through.

LET US BE through with figures. What sailed through last year? To begin with, 260,000 well-taxed passengers. The maximum annual tonnage that ever passed through was 33,466,000 in 1929. (About 5,000 passages are involved, of which 3,000 are British.) Last year it was 30,677,000 tons, yet 1933 was a distinct improvement on 1932. In fact, the Suez can boast of being the most marvellous company ever, in depression.

> "Whereas commerce in general has only progressed about 10 per cent. from the pit of the depression, our advance has been one of 20 per cent. Whereas international trade still is about 35 per cent. lower than in 1929, our diminution has been hardly 20 per cent."

Furthermore, the opening months of 1934 show a fresh pick-up, due to Japan and to the augmenting number of cargo boats returning from north to south in ballast at half toll price. Many have borne goods cheaply to Europe via the Cape or Panama.

Very satisfactory. Yet not to everyone. Voices are growing ever louder that the tolls are far too high, that hard-hit shipping simply cannot bear them much longer. A ship of 5,000 or 6,000 tons will cost £2,000 to pass through, *at 5·75 pre-War gold francs a ton*, or approximately 8s. The directors protest that they have reduced more than once (in point of fact, they have squared the effect of such reductions by greatly economizing on canal workers and development), yet why, ask critics, should this company, which by every token should be so international, be allowed to batten on an utterly dead and gone gold coinage which even the French themselves have quit, as they did in 1928, to the extent of a full four-fifths.

The French proudly proclaim that they are at present on gold. What, then, were they on in 1914? Platinum?

TWO CHIEF protagonists have emerged in Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., and the Marquis de Vogüé, present chief in Paris. If I compress aright, here are the viewpoints:

Criticism.—"A private company should no longer be allowed to monopolize a vital international highway when its demonstrated acts are the acme of financial die-hardism. In distressed times its profits are out of all reason. The dominant French influence runs the Canal not in the interests of world trade and shipping but for the shareholders.

"Receipts in 1932 were 834,000,000 francs and expenditure only 290,000,000. No fewer than 500,000,000 francs were distributed in gain; 71 per cent. to the shareholders, 15 per cent. (ex-Egyptian holdings) to the Crédit Foncier, 10 per cent. to Founders, 4 per cent. equally to directors and staff.

"In the past dozen years £50,000,000 have been so distributed. Shareholders have received £36,000,000, Crédit Foncier £7,500,000, Founders £5,000,000, directors and staff £1,000,000 each.

"The company is unpermissibly French: not only can it confidently rely on the Paris courts of law, to which it is subject, but a clause stipulates that one shareholder may not hold more than ten votes, so that at the general assembly of shareholders the British Government, despite its huge holding, has but a negligible say.

"As a start, these official British shares, which Disraeli meant should be of political importance, ought to be split up into a number of smaller holdings, each of which would then mean ten

(Continued on page 252)

THE FOUNDER'S HOME: The de Lesseps villa at Ismailia Garden City

PERSONALITIES

ART AND THE ARMY: Mrs. Wilson collaborates with her husband, Lieut. F. A. H. Wilson, 2nd Battn. Royal Scots Fusiliers, who is painting the scenery for the Northern Command Tattoo

ELECTED A.R.A.: Mr. Meredith Frampton, who was elected an Associate of the Academy last week, at work in his studio. He is the only son of the late Sir George Frampton, the sculptor

BRIDE AND GROOM: Mr. C. C. Rutherford, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Rutherford of Powis Court, Bushey Heath, and Hester Irene, daughter of Mr. E. H. Cooper of The Old House, Wimbledon, who were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon

A PRINCE IN THE UNDERWORLD: Prince Charles of Sweden in dungarees went down the new Stubbin colliery at Rotherham. He visited Sheffield incognito

CHAMP. TO CHAMP.: Mrs. Molla Mallory, *ci-devant* U.S. tennis champion, presents Froeken Sonja Henie, the champion ice-skater of the world with a trophy in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Inset—CENTRE COURT STUFF: Mr. F. J. Perry, Britain's No. 1 (not Public Enemy!), and Miss Ricketts of the Argentine team at the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth

DEBUT: The brilliant scene at the opening night of the new Follies, the latest cabaret at the Dorchester Hotel

An ISLAND on

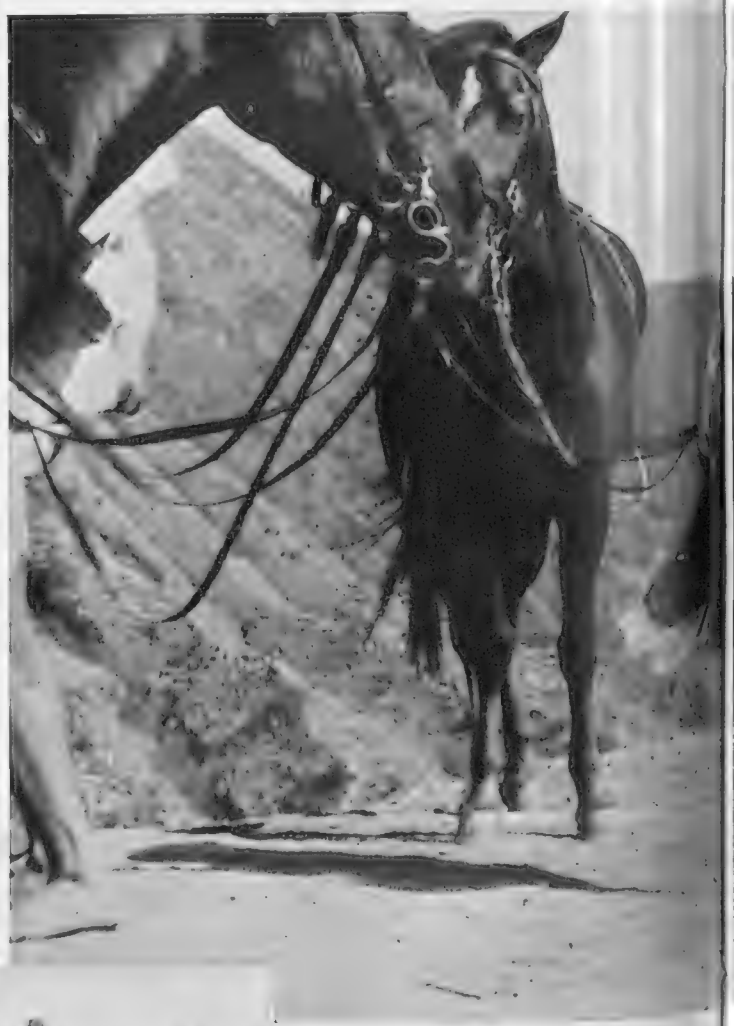
Where the Natives Eat Dog, Crave for the 800-Kilometre Road has just been Cut th

To Mark a Frontier between North and South: The base of the obelisk standing on the Equator. Were it not for this monument, one would pass from the lower to the upper hemisphere without knowing one had done so

"Tommick, Tommick": The begging cry of the Bataker children. Mix, the American film cowboy, who stands as prototype of his whole be translated as "Give us some money to go to the

Blazing the Motoring Trail: A signpost on the new road driven through the jungle. The strident modernity of the emblem contrasts violently with the equatorial vegetation surrounding it.

On right—**Memorial** to the eighteenth-century Britons who first landed on the Sumatra coast and fell fighting against the natives. They are still called "The Englishmen's Graves." Hard by is a monument to the Dutch conquerors of 1819



Shivering on the Equator: The high rainy season which begins in October, although in the dry season they wear but white suits feel

The new motor-car road is the highway for European and American civilians and for punitive expeditions, when the natives' knives hang loose in their belts. Since this great road has been driven through the island from Padang on the west coast in roughly the centre to Medan in the extreme north on the east coast, a process of transformation

the EQUATOR

Cinema, and an rough the Jungle

The word derives from Tom industry. "Tommick" may cinema"

Once Partly British: Now Wholly Dutch

Houses of Sumatra that Grow with the Family: When a Minankabaues of Western Sumatra marries, he has to move into the house of his father-in-law. An extension is built on to the house for the young couple. Thus the number of gables of such a house corresponds to the number of daughters *paterfamilias* has married off

Washing Day: A small Sumatran helps his mother to hang out the clothes

Motoring Joy: A chunk of mountain may well block the way in the rainy season, so a driver must be equipped with a spade

ground by lat. 0 is bitterly cold during the The natives of Sumatra wrap up in blankets, little. Americans and Europeans in their the cold acutely

A Dog's Life in Sumatra is apt to come to a sudden and regrettable end in the cooking pot for, like the Chinese, the Batakers esteem canine flesh as a delicacy. One of the great markets is in Balige near Medan

has been inaugurated which will change the whole face of Sumatra. The road can be covered comfortably in two days. An island almost as large as Germany suddenly sees before it a future such as no white man of a generation ago could imagine happening in the thickets of this equatorial and primeval virgin forest. E. B.

Providing CASTLES *for* ENGLISHMEN

The Building Societies

By CHARLES GRAVES

THEIR OWN LANDLORDS: A group of clients of the Abbey Road Building Society in their big London office. *On left* —One of the posters put out by this Society

SINCE THE WAR, half the private houses built in this country have been erected through the financing of building societies. As Sir Josiah Stamp has pointed out, it is probable that in response to such pressure a number of institutions would have sprung up to supply the need of new houses in the absence of the building society movement. But these institutions would have varied tremendously in their resources, regulations, probity, and foresight. New and hastily improvised structures would have been suddenly subjected to a vast and rushing flood of insistent requirements. It is fairly clear that out of such a situation must have come many failures, disappointments, and losses. As it was, the on-rush was actually made upon a system of accredited institutions with traditional practice laid down on sound lines, with all the prestige of solid and steady progress, standing ready for their task.

Actually, the total assets of the building societies of Great Britain amount to more than £500,000,000. The money advanced in 1933 alone came to £100,000,000, and the number of share investors, borrowers, and depositors had reached the grand total of 3,300,000 people. In this first quarter of 1934 these totals will all have increased considerably.

MEMENTO: Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, was presented with a salver by Sir Enoch Hill, President of the Halifax Building Society, when the Minister opened Halifax House this year in the Strand a few days ago

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the National Association of Building Societies, due to meet at Harrogate on Monday week under the chairmanship of Sir Harold Bellman, is a matter of considerable interest to more than three million people in Great Britain, for such is the enormous total of the investors, borrowers, and depositors in the 1,013 building societies of the country.

It is, indeed, a matter of interest to everybody in the country to whom stability of conditions is important. There is little doubt that building societies have contributed more than any other single agency to the sense of settlement felt by the general public.

There is no sphere of unrest more dangerous than that created by inadequate housing. To have given hundreds of thousands of families a stake in their country is a magnificent contribution towards internal peace.

During the War, owing to the building restrictions under the Defence of the Realm Act, there was not much outlet for the building societies. On the other hand, owing to the general high wages, investors accumulated large funds which, through the agency of the building societies, were put patriotically into War Loan. In consequence, the building societies had very large resources available when the War came to an end, together with a unique local knowledge of housing and an ability to get started at once on the job of housing demobilised men.

In 1919 Great Britain was not so much a home fit for heroes to live in as a country where it took a hero to contemplate living in the average home available. But for the swift service and big funds of these building societies, Great Britain might have had to face serious unrest.

A sidelight is provided on the progress of the building society movement by the figures supplied to the Ministry of Health by 140 of the principal local authorities. The plans for new housing schemes made in 1932 to materialize partly in that year and partly in 1933 involved an outlay of 46.9 million pounds, whereas the plans of the same authorities made last year to materialize partly in 1933 and partly in 1934 amounted to 62.3 millions, which is a 45 per cent. increase above the average annual figure since 1924.

THE FIRST BUILDING SOCIETY movement recorded was started in Birmingham 153 years ago. Not much is known about it, but one may take as a good example of the increase in business that of the Abbey Road Building Society, of which Sir Harold Bellman is managing director.

It was started by a group of working men who belonged to the congregation of a church in St. John's Wood exactly sixty years ago. So illiterate were they that there are two spelling mistakes in the first minute of the preliminary meeting. After a year there were 111 members, with assets of a trifle over £2,000. Their motive was that of self-help and social service, for which they pooled their savings. To-day the members, including the borrowers, amount to more than 300,000, while the assets are more than £43,000,000.

Last Wednesday, to take a typical day, the number of callers at the head office was a trifle over 700. They came for a variety of reasons. Broadly speaking, they may be grouped as follows:—

Two hundred and fifty came to pay their monthly instalments in connection with the advances they have had from the society. (It will be appreciated that a much larger number of payments are received either direct from borrowing members through the post, or through the society's bankers.)

Another fifty called to open new share or deposit accounts, in spite of the restriction which the society has temporarily put in force in its investment department.

Two hundred and fifty called to make additions to investment accounts which they already have with the society.

Forty called to make inquiries regarding an advance which they contemplated.

And there were 100 miscellaneous inquiries.

HERE ARE SOME actual cases:—

A clerk living at Wembley calls to pay his monthly instalment of 22s. 6d. a week. For this he is buying a trim semi-detached villa with a pleasant garden. His weekly outgoings are less than if he were paying rent, but when he has cleared off the building society mortgage, it will be his unencumbered asset.

He is followed by a taxi-cab driver who is buying his house at Clapham on a repayment basis of 30s. a week. He has a garage for his taxi, and lets part of the house.

The third is a commercial traveller who comes with a £25 commission cheque from his firm to open a new share account.

The fourth is an uncle who calls to open a deposit account for his nephew as a present for his twenty-first birthday. Giving him £1 for each year, he opens an account for £21, and hopes that his nephew will consistently add to it as opportunity offers.

The next is a clergyman who saves 10s each week and allows it to accumulate at compound interest to help him in his retirement.

He is followed by a waiter who saves what he can from his tips, and sometimes brings more than on other occasions.

After that, the visitors include a Colonial wishing to settle in the Home Counties; a doctor who contemplates buying the house, as well as the practice, of a colleague in the Midlands; a railway worker who has just been moved to Willesden; a builder who is starting a new estate in a prosperous South Coast resort, and is anxious to negotiate detailed arrangements about advances that the society will make to the purchasers of the houses he erects; and an architect about to build a house to his own design in the Chilterns and eager for an advance to help him meet his builder's bills.

ONE MIGHT POINT OUT at this stage that it is the exception rather than the rule for building societies to finance the erection of flats or business premises. Nor do they finance builders. What they do—and it is a direct service to the public—is to inform builders how much they are prepared to advance to individual members of the public anxious to buy their houses when erected.

It is evident that if a society, through its experts, refuses to advance more than, say, a very low proportion of the total cost of a house, it thinks very little of it. This acts as a deterrent to the member of the public who might otherwise have been coaxed into buying the house.

Building societies, in fact, are very careful in their valuations, and do their best to protect borrowers from buying property which is either

(Continued on p. 252)

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: The tracery of budding boughs in the wooded walk to the River in Hampton Court Palace grounds

PRINCESS AND OGRE: The weeping willow, its vernal foliage golden in the springtime sun, guarded by the greatest oak in Essex — at Fingringhoe

THE NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (2 DOORS), £255, AT WORKS

Inevitably the centre of attraction on arrival at the Club

This New V-8, with acceleration such as gives the word novel meaning, even to those familiar with the original V-8, meets the gaze as arrestingly as its performance thrills the most experienced, seasoned of owner-drivers.

And its body-comfort, roominess when occupied by six-footers, completeness of equipment, the freedom from driving-fatigue over the longest of trips, put it at the head of a class of its own creation.

But why not allow it to speak for itself? Permit us to forward V-8 literature, with a note of the nearest Dealer's name and address.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SHIPS NEW and OLD

EMBRYONIC: The keel of the new Orient liner under construction at Barrow-in-Furness—a healthy sign of Britain's shipping recovery

TRAINING ON SAIL: Cadets on board the Swedish four-masted barque, *Abraham Rydberg*. She recently completed the passage to the Lizard from Wallaroo in 107 days, covering 242 miles in her best day's run

PHYSICAL JERKS ON A WINDJAMMER: Cadets on board the *Abraham Rydberg*, now used very largely as a training ship. Sail has been found a finer training medium for sailors than steam or oil

A NEW STEAMER OF TRADITIONAL TYPE: The Southern Railway paddle packet, *Sandown*, launched at the Leven shipyard of Messrs. William Denny and Bros., Ltd., of Dumbarton

THE GREAT WADING BIRDS

ASKING FOR MORE: This young common heron is showing that insatiable desire for food which characterizes the heron throughout his life; he is unable to accumulate fat, so is always hungry

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ABOUT TO DISGORGE FOOD FOR ITS YOUNG: The very young birds receive masses of pre-digested food, but as they advance in age they get their meals in a practically natural condition. A young one can sometimes be seen wrestling with an eel brought to it by its parent

WITH FLATTENED BEAK: This spoonbill, one variety of which inhabits Europe, is here seen standing with her group of well-formed young. They are related to the ibises. The parent bird exhibits a delightful little plume at the back of the head

DS: Some Remarkable Studies of the Heron, the Stork, and the Spoonbill

DING DEEP IN STILL WATERS: This grey heron is been caught with marvellous detail as he stands reflected the quiet water. His left shoulder plume, a deep black, con-asts with the long white ones which hang from the neck, and others which spread themselves gracefully over his back

E HERON is a noble and picturesque bird (writes a correspondent), as she sails quietly through the air with etched wings and slow flight.

t nothing is more ridiculous and undignified than its appear-as it vainly chases the jackdaw or hooded crow who is carrying egg, and darting rapidly round the angles and corners of the Now and then every heron raises its head and becomes alert e peregrine falcon, with rapid and direct flight, passes their ed dominion; but intent on his own nest, built on the rock some way farther on, the hawk takes no notice of his long-legged bours, who soon settle down again into their attitudes of rest.

the Findhorn River you can watch a heronry from above in the entertaining and instructive manner. You can plainly see reen eggs, and also the young herons, who, fearless in the ousness of security, are constantly passing backwards and for-and alighting on the topmost branches of the larch or oak trees, the still younger birds sit bolt upright in the nest, snapping beaks together with a curious sound. Occasionally a grave-g heron is seen balancing himself by some incomprehensible feat nnastics on the very topmost twig of a larch tree, where he swings in an unsteady manner quite unbecoming so sage-looking a bird. ionally a thievish jackdaw dashes out from the cliffs opposite the ry and flies straight into some unguarded nest, seizes one of rge green eggs, and flies back to his own side of the river, the ul owner of the egg pursuing the active little robber with loud and the most awkward attempts at catching him.

e heron has a quantity of downy plumage about its wings, are also of a very concave form, enabling the bird to alight in the pool without making a ripple; whilst standing motionless, knee-in the water, it is almost invisible in the gloom of evening owing grey and shadowy colour.

e expanding power of a heron's throat is wonderfully great, and e seen it severely tested when the bird was engaged in swallowing nder something wider than my hand. As the flounder went down, rd's throat was stretched out into a fan-like shape as he strained, ently half choked, to swallow it. These fish-eating birds have no all they gulp down, however large it may be, goes at once into omach, where it is quickly digested.

PUTTING ON THE BRAKE: In this instantaneous impression of a white stork landing at his nest, the wings are thrown forward, and the tail feathers spread wide to give every available brake to the descent. This stork is white but for the black wing quills, red beak, and pink legs

A WATCHFUL PURPLE HERON: It is standing, with neck retracted, on its nest of bent reeds. The purple heron is a widely extended European species of heron. The giant Goliath heron is African

GUARDING HER FLUFFY BROOD: This great white heron is standing proudly above her brood awaiting the return of her mate. The great white heron is a very rare bird and pictures of her difficult to obtain

ENGINELESS FLIGHT

BRITAIN'S GLIDING "ACE": Mr. G. E. Collins of Flamstead, Herts, who soared to 4,200 ft. and glided from Dunstable to Southend-on-Sea—a distance of 54 miles

IN FLIGHT: Mr. G. E. Collins' new Rhonadler glider caught by the camera. He has established a new altitude record for Britain and is the first Englishman to qualify for the silver "C" gliding certificate

NAZI INTEREST: Herr Hans Richter, the German crack glider, wearing the swastika brassard and a crash helmet, teaches the art to a crew of young Nazi pupils. Note the youth of the small boy sitting on the wing

GLIDERS OF A NEW TYPE: Herr Hans Richter tries out a new 'plane. He instructs not only in flying but also in glider construction

TWO RECENT SPECTACULAR GLIDER flights have drawn attention to a sport which was until a few years ago practically confined to Germany.

One was made by Miss Joan Meakin, a young English gliding enthusiast, who flew in a glider from Germany to England towed by an aeroplane. She is an excellent aeroplane pilot and has been studying soaring in Germany for some time.

The other was a record soaring flight by Mr. Collins of the London Gliding Club who flew from Dunstable Downs to Southend-on-Sea, a distance of nearly sixty miles, during which he reached a height of 4,200 ft. This flight is claimed to be a British record.

Although early experiments in aviation were made in gliders, the advent of power-driven machines took much of the interest away from motorless flight. After the War, Germany, hampered in the building of power-driven craft by financial and treaty restrictions, took up the development of gliding with energy. A gliding centre was established on the Wasserkuppe where hundreds of glider pilots have been trained and whence many magnificent soaring flights have been made. The early progress made in Germany produced a temporary flash of interest in England which resulted some years ago in a gliding meeting held in Sussex on the South Downs.

It was not until 1930, however, that gliding had a real revival in England, and it has now firmly established itself. Continuous progress has been made, but until recently British performance had been considerably behind that obtained in Germany, where long flights both with and without passengers were made, and where, in 1932, Herr Hirth flew 99 miles across country, using upward and thermal currents to gain and retain height.

On March 18 this year two members of the London Gliding Club made notable flights. Mr. Wills covered 55 miles and reached an altitude of over 4,000 ft., and on the same day Mr. Collins almost reached Chelmsford from Dunstable carrying a passenger, a distance of about 45 miles. Now Mr. Collins has beaten his previous flight, and has shown that glider pilots in England are rapidly catching up on Germany's lead.

IT IS NOT SO MUCH inferiority in skill and equipment but lack of suitable launching sites which has prevented British pilots from equalling the German performances. Dunstable Downs, from which the latest long-distance flights have been made, are comparatively low compared with the German sites, being only some 200 ft. high. The height of the launching site is as important as the configuration of the ground, which causes the up-currents made by the wind against the hill face, and which makes soaring, as distinct from mere gliding, possible.

The British Gliding Association is establishing a new centre at Sutton Bank, Yorkshire, where the hills are some 600 ft. above the surrounding country. It is an excellent soaring site, as was proved by a most successful meeting held there last October, and the hill slopes face into the prevailing wind. Suitable conditions for soaring should be much more frequent than at Dunstable.

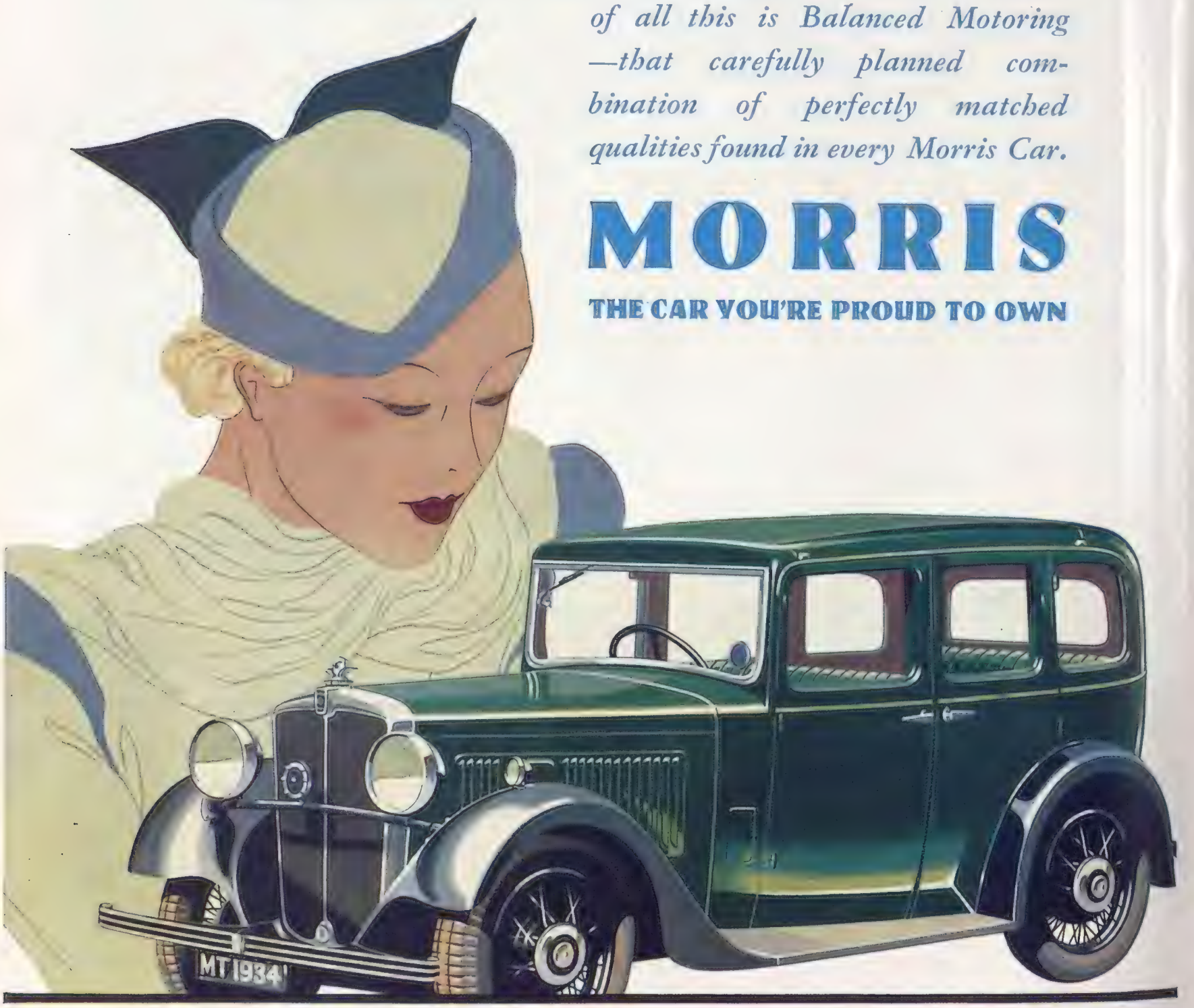
C. D. Palmer

A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"

To-day... as often as not she is the *'man at the wheel'*

To her, for example, the practical driving simplicity of synchromesh gears appeals immensely. They're crisper, cleaner in action, nothing new to be learnt but definitely nicer to handle. That's one of the many charms of Morris cars. Yet no one feature has been 'starred'; none over-developed at the expense of the rest. There's power—but most perfectly controlled; smoothness—but speed with it too; luxury—but never extravagance, *and the secret of all this is Balanced Motoring—that carefully planned combination of perfectly matched qualities found in every Morris Car.*



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OIL-DRIVEN TRAINS *of* TO-DAY

THE ZEPHYR: America's first Diesel-powered, stream-lined, stainless steel train, capable of a speed of well over 100 m.p.h. It weighs but 100 tons and was towed by only ten men on test

HEAD ON: The frontal view of the U.S. train seen full length on left

Only now are the railways of the world making strides comparable with those made by other means of transport. Hitherto the iron road has been relatively static; now, with stream-lining, electricity, oil fuel, new design for accessories, genuine advances in technique are in train

A PROPELLERLESS ZEPPELIN: The newest German design of rail-coach. It is the patent of Dr. Krukenberg and runs on the Berlin-Hamburg line

RAIL-COACH: The newest pattern of modern transport on the Kalamazoo (U.S.) railroad

A SUCCESSFUL GREAT WESTERN INNOVATION: The new stream-lined car and its driving chamber

The G.W.R.'s stream-lined car has proved a great success. It has carried 40,000 passengers during the last three months on the local services in the Slough, Didcot, and Reading districts. The car is of unique design, and unlike any other railway vehicle at present operating in this country. It is the outcome of extensive tunnel tests to reduce the resistance of wind which at high speeds requires more power to overcome than to drive a car along the rails. In appearance it resembles a huge seaplane float with flush-fitting observation windows running along the top portion, and merging at each end into sloping control cabins. The car measures 62 ft. long and 11 ft. 4 in. in height. It weighs 20 tons, and has been designed for a maximum speed of sixty miles per hour. Its seating capacity is sixty-nine passengers. The car is driven by a 130-h.p. heavy oil engine using non-inflammable fuel, and is almost identical with engines fitted in some of the London 'buses.

THE WINNER of the competition for an overture organized by a great national newspaper—Mr. Cyril Scott

STORM-CENTRE: Sir Thomas Beecham, inspired conductor, superb artistic director, efficient castigator of chatterers

COLORATURA: Lily Pons, one of the most superb coloratura sopranos in the world, makes her London d but at the Albert Hall to-morrow (Sunday)

STAR OF THE FUTURE: Miss Pamela Carme playing in *Rude Awakening* produced at the Shilling Theatre last Monday

"THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE": Right to left—Beatrix Thomson, Maurice Evans, Felix Aylmer, Hermione Harmen, Ernest Hare, Dame May Whitty, George Devine, Archibald Batty, Joyce Bland, O. B. Clarence, and Antonia Brough in the Granville-Barker play at Sadler's Wells. This group of characters reacts to the discovery that the outwardly respectable Mr. Voysey, the family solicitor (Mr. Felix Aylmer, at head of table), has been speculating with trust funds

PLAYS O

By PHILIP PAGE

o o

THE FAITHFULNESS of American fiction-writers to the more repellent side of their native country is really astonishing. Perhaps this is because America is without a dictator, even if Mr. Dillinger aspired to that position.

The question is really more serious than it seems at first. Hitler or Mussolini would never consent to a ceaseless output of plays and films glorifying German or Italian crooks. Yet if one asked a theatre- or film-goer of the less penetrating sort to give a picture of the typical American man, we should find it to be of some fantastically unscrupulous beast with a revolver and a grim smile eternally shouting into a telephone and saying, "Aw, furget it!" and "Wait a minutt, *Wait* a minutt!" The American woman would probably be a gold-digging nit-wit with the voice of a macaw, and, of course, a blonde.

There is little need for me to recount the plot of *She Loves Me Not*, the new play at the Adelphi, for it is all rather like that. It was the rage of New York. It may well be the rage of London. Serious discussion, international or ethical, is out of place, for the play is intended to amuse, though there is, of course, a murder in it. It did not amuse me, but it is only fair to explain that the overwhelming majority of the audience at the first performance laughed very loudly indeed, and such folk are as tough as gangsters when it is a matter of showing sympathy with well-meant but unsuccessful efforts.

The main object in *She Loves Me Not* is obviously speed, and the producer is to be congratulated on having achieved it. No more benefit is conferred on a play by having it performed at a break-neck pace than is conferred on humanity by a racing-motorist who goes round the track at Brooklands at hundreds of miles an hour. A farce played too slowly is an abomination, but speed in itself is no virtue except that it gets a very bad play over quickly. I would not call *She Loves Me Not* a very bad play; it is vastly ingenious, it is cleverly dovetailed together, and has drawn many thousands of dollars from an adoring public, whose intuition is not to be despised.

Speed is effected by means of a series of miniature stages piled one on top of the other, so that not a moment is lost in shifting scenery: one shifts one's gaze from one part of the proscenium to another instead. The drawback is that when one becomes interested in a scene it is blacked out and another scene starts all too soon. But a whirl of blitherdom seems part of the general scheme, and it is the madness of this blend of farce and tough drama which, I imagine, is its attraction.

A blonde who has danced in a cabaret witnesses a murder, rushes away from it to avoid possible arrest, masquerades as an undergraduate, and turns the play into one of those burlesques—if they are burlesques—of American university life. The wrong people are arrested, films are taken, cameras click, publicity men yell, and knocking over the head becomes a favourite pastime.

Of its type, *She Loves Me Not* is an extremely competent example. No chance for subtlety is allowed the American company, headed by Miss Vera Marshe as the blonde, aided and abetted by Miss Elizabeth Love, Mr. William Harrigan, Mr. Howard Phillips, and any number of leather-lunged and sprightly "guys" and "dames."

"The Master Builder."—"What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen?" Miss Camille Clifford sang a good many years ago, and will, I hear, sing again at a charity ball in London in a few weeks' time. Meanwhile, what *has* happened to Mr. Ibsen? The revival, a very isolated one, of *The Master Builder* at the Embassy prompts the question. This has been the only Ibsen play seen in London for a long while, and although the British public does not yearn for things Scandinavian (unless it be Greta Garbo) with the fervour it did in the 'nineties, when Max Beerbohm caricatured the late William Archer kissing the toe of Ibsen's boot, Ibsen is too big a man to be neglected.

I suggest that Mr. C. B. Cochran takes him in hand; he wrote much better plays than *Magnolia Street*. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cochran is no novice with Ibsen, for the first play he ever produced, in the days before Mr. Noel Coward was born and when revue was in its infancy, was *John Gabriel Borkmann*. A revival of that, with or without Mr. Cochran's young ladies, is due. It is a better play than *The Master Builder* and it has a

F TO-DAY

Scene Piled Upon Scene at the Adelphi : Ibsen Revived After Many Years : "The Ring's" Effective Setting at Covent Garden : Granville Barker at Sadler's Wells

more direct appeal to those of us who regard a building as a building without taking stock of its metaphysical qualities.

Yet *The Master Builder* is curiously powerful and gratifyingly non-morbid, soaked though it is in the true Ibsen atmosphere, that atmosphere suggestive, as Harry Pelissier once declared, "of a party of vegetarian esperantists left stranded on a wet Sunday afternoon in December in the third-class waiting-room of Vauxhall Station."

Mr. Donald Wolfit made the builder very downright for Ibsen, but was none the worse on that account. Besides, quite sufficient spirituality was provided by Miss Beatrix Lehmann as Hilda Wangel. The character is a baffling one, but Miss Lehmann convinced me that it is beautiful.

Ruth Draper.—"Consummate genius" is a term flung about rather too freely nowadays on women of the stage, particularly if they come from foreign countries. But to Miss Ruth Draper it does most decidedly apply, and I wish that her seasons were not limited to a few weeks on each of her visits.

I have just come from the Haymarket in yet another trance of wonder at her cleverness. She must be the only woman in the world who can hold an audience for a couple of hours without singing or dancing at them or without attempting any sensational excursions of mind, body, or soul. To Miss Draper belongs the uncanny knack of surrounding herself on the stage with people of her own imagination, not one of whom we see. But I know so well that husband of hers in *Three Breakfasts* and that pleasant middle-aged Englishwoman who shows her friends round her gardens and rhapsodizes over flowers with fantastic names and labels.

Her reproduction of an Englishwoman's accent, which does not come easily to an American, was so perfect that I blush to think of the hopeless mess almost any English actress will make of an American accent.

The "Ring" again.—To find new scenery for the *Ring* at Covent Garden in the "grand" (this year very grand) season, was an odd experience for the habitué of any standing. I did not see the *Ring* there in the early 'eighties, when the scenery, which has at last been scrapped, began its long and faithful service, but I had known that self-same canvas for thirty years or so, and it was an old friend.

It had grown shabby with wear, of course, and it had to go; but of its realistic kind it was good and much of it was beautiful and it did not deserve the sneers which came its way. Most of the stuff is, I understand, being sold in separate lots to touring revue companies, etc. So it may yet be possible to see the Valkyries' Rock, familiar to generations of Wotans and Brunnhildes of international fame, doing duty in *Kiss Me Sergeant* at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

M. Wolkoff, who has designed the new scenery, is a fine artist, and has made a thoroughly good job of it. He is not an ultra-modern out to startle the conservative and to endear himself solely to Bloomsbury and the King's Road, Chelsea. He paints mountains to look like mountains, and I think he likes them; for an enthusiastic Alpinist who was my companion for *Rheingold*, leaped in his seat with joy, and praised that mountain in Scene IV in expert terms. I have never been to the bottom of the Rhine, but M. Wolkoff's treatment was quite conceivably realistic.

He has been enormously helped by the lighting, and the "cyclorama," with its cloud effects, is a great success. I did not care for the Rhine Maidens with their fins, fish-tails, and general resemblance to the live trout one sees at that shop in Jermyn Street. Surely, Wagner meant that trio to be women, not fishes with women's heads. For giving the Valkyries short skirts there was more justification, for they were essentially Amazons. If one is to be consistent, Brunnhilde should have been dressed like her sisters; but I foresee difficulties there.

The "worm," a long-necked beast, was a good effort, and peered terrifyingly over the rock, where immortals had been engaged in long musical discussion, in rather ludicrous reminiscence of the late E. T. Read's *Prehistoric Peeps*.

Not because it is in any sense inferior have I left the musical aspect to the last. Indeed, I doubt whether Wagner has ever been sung or played in London, or anywhere else, so superbly. Sir Thomas Beecham is giving us tense, vital Wagner, at times a little unconventional, but always on the move and interesting, and he is backed up by a superb orchestra.

Herr Boeckelmann is probably the world's best Wotan, and Madame Frida Leider is certainly the best Brunnhilde. Herr Habich, Herr Kremer, Herr Volker (a new tenor and a good one), and Herr Kipnis, with the incomparable Madame Lotte Lehmann, complete a splendid team, and the clean and eager singing of the English Valkyries should not be overlooked.

"BIOGRAPHY": Frank Cellier, Ina Claire, and Laurence Olivier at the Globe Theatre. Mr. Olivier, as the young and tempestuous magazine editor, refuses tea, to the dismay of the casual Miss Claire

"The Voysey Inheritance."—Granville Barker's play, *The Voysey Inheritance*, revived at Sadler's Wells for a season of a few weeks, dates very little if at all. It withstands remarkably well two facts that might have been fatal to a less brilliant piece of work—that it is twenty-nine years old and in five acts.

The analysis of family life is Galsworthian in its exactness and in its English middle-class atmosphere. The central figure, it may be remembered, is a genial solicitor, head of a family, respectable, trusted; but the respectability is a sham, for the man is a swindler and his family have to bear the brunt of his defalcations. It is fortunate for them that they *are* a family; in real life the burden is apt to fall on the shoulders of one individual.

The play lives and attracts, weak though the fifth act is even in its revised form. A strong cast, including Mr. Felix Aylmer, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Miss Joan Harben, and Dame May Whitty, give of their best with more than worthy material.

With visits from Australian cricketers and American polo players, and with more elaborate arrangements than ever for the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, we are doing our best to secure a wet summer.

That sort of summer is, I believe, urgently required, though not by Mr. Sydney Carroll, who is in command, theatrically speaking, at Regent's Park. Nor will Sir Philip Ben Greet, Mr. Carroll's "Master of the green sward," be exactly pleased to become instead Master of the brown sward, which is the condition of turf after a downpour. Downpours hold Shakespeare in less respect than does Sir Philip, but last year were obligingly infrequent until *The Tempest* was produced, when they became appropriate to an embarrassing extent.

However, I was surprised to learn during a preliminary inspection of the Open Air Theatre (re-seated, re-turfed, and re-lighted) the other afternoon that the reserve under-cover theatre was last year used only eighteen times.

The programme this year is more ambitious. In addition to such familiar Shakespearean productions as *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It* (which opens the season on Whit-Monday), we are to have *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors*. The trouble with this last is to find whom to play the Two Dromios, two brothers who closely resemble each other. Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Arthur Chesney are not available as a pair. Why not the Thomson twins, who are presenting, and appearing in, the revue, *Why not To-night* at the Palace?

Mr. John Drinkwater's masque *The Pageant of England*, and Mr. John Milton's masque *Comus*, will provide the non-Shakespearean poetical touch.

"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW": Ina Claire, utterly different in temperament, bids Laurence Olivier adieu in *Biography* at the Globe

THE LIGHT TOUCH: Ina Claire and Reginald Tate in *Biography*

THE BOOK WORLD in the MONTH of MAY

Those trusting souls who like their books "chosen" for them by a committee of high-minded literary ladies and gentlemen found themselves, on a May morning, confronted with a hefty chunk of Roman history. The ascent from the vigorous flamboyancies of the latest of Mr. Louis Golding's novels of Jewish life may be only a matter of calendaric juxtaposition, but it must serve to convince members of the Book Society that literature, as well as life, is a matter of pretty sharp contrast.

Out of all the books published in May the Book Society have chosen as the best **I, CLAUDIUS,** by Robert Graves (Arthur Barker. 8s.).

I, Claudius is written in the form of an autobiography. It is a difficult form, for the author, if he is conscientious, must keep himself within the bounds of the character of his subject and reproduce the contemporary scene through those eyes, with inference and conclusion true to another mind.

Claudius, to survive the massacring exploits of the successive Imperial members of his family, had himself to be possessed of a crafty and self-effacing nature. He was a stammering, ill-shapen creature, reputed to be half-witted. He had a taste for writing history and for conducting ostensibly useless researches, thereby fostering the half-witted legend.

He survived Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and lived in an age when matricide and parricide were some of the milder crimes of the day. Mr. Graves' story ends when the Imperial purple is thrust upon his protesting shoulders by the murdered Caligula's German bodyguards. A presage of what is to come is: "Messalina came hurrying towards us. 'For my sake, Claudius, do what they ask of you.'"

Mr. Robert Graves is wholly successful in making readable this piece of exciting and turbulent history told by the pen of one of its least exciting characters. He makes of the Emperor Claudius a shrewd and almost lovable man with a gift for underscoring the most dramatic happenings by a skilled use of understatement.

Mr. Robert Bernays is a journalist (now an M.P.) who travelled round the world. He started in 1930 and his book, **SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) in the words of his enthusiastic publisher, "deals with the last three terrific years of crisis.'

In it he has compiled a mass of impressions gathered from all over a world sick with strife, set them down in the manner of a skilled observer, and made a book which is a valuable contemporary document, unimpaired by contentious matter.

There is value in the restraint of his chapter on the Nazi revolution, fairness in the examination of the events of Dolfuss' régime, and a disarming piece of special pleading for Carol.

Mr. Walter Duranty is another newspaper correspondent. **RUSSIA REPORTED, 1921–1933** (Gollancz. 5s.), is the record of his writings while representing the *New York Times* at Moscow during that period.

Not only has Mr. Duranty reported the making of history, he has been instrumental in making it. Fearlessly he has reported to a hostile and sceptical world exactly what he has seen and felt during the greatest political experiment ever made. He has educated a nation to respect what they would wish to condemn, and he, more than anybody, can take credit for the ultimate rapprochement between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

People of every shade of political opinion have dashed into print with the Truth About Russia. This is not just another book on the subject it is *the* book.

GOODBYE RUSSIA, by Captain Evan Cameron (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), is the story of the succour of refugees, fleeing before the Red armies to the Black Sea ports, by a troop transport whose officers and crew displayed remarkable heroism and devotion to their work

Georges Duhamel I have always thought a writer of very great merit, and I have enjoyed reading the translation of his new book, **NEWS FROM HAVRE** (Dent. 7s. 6d.), with the pleasurable feeling that there is more to come, since this is the first of a chronicle of the lives of the Pasquier family.

He starts in 1881, and he has only this in common with other sagas that he does devote the whole of the first book to the childhood of the little Pasquiers. But it has none of that laborious and painfully exact attention to detail that cows the spirit of the reader of the early books of sagas.

The vivid sense that one has of knowing—and more—of liking, the members of that family is a tour-de-force which only writers of M. Duhamel's class can achieve.

And there is Mr. Philip Lindsay, to whom details and minutiæ are familiar friends, and whose novel of 15th century England, **LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING** (Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.) bristles with gipons and liripipes and clepsydras, in a narrative so well documented that I began to long for a good whole-hearted anachronism.

This is an interesting book. It would be if only for the fact that in an age of Royal biographies and novels it contains only one or two references to the reigning King, while it gives a very full and good picture of the troubled times of Henry VI.

I like the directness and unpretentiousness of Mr. Lindsay's story.

Though maturity is not thought of nowadays as a particularly necessary attribute of authors, I found the writer of **GLORY JAM** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) more youthfully minded than most.

Country tea rooms run by people who, of course, have never run one before, may offer opportunities for fun, but the enterprise described by Miss Caroline Seaford only offered me an opportunity of thinking what a dreary tea-swilling race we rough islanders are.

Perhaps this is too captious, though, for there is a lively sense of story-telling, which is a rare enough thing, some good, clean fun with vicars and aunts, and a real Duke.

I liked the Duke. He was the most determinedly cheerful of them all.

I never knew Berlin, nor film studios, until I found myself with the author of **TALKING PICTURE** (Cape. 7s. 6d.), "submerged beyond possible hope of rescue in another business in another land, and all I asked was that I should live in it, and have friends and interests in it."

John Heygate, whose plaint this is, if we are to take the book as largely autobiographical, was engaged to supervise the English version of a trilingual film in the great Atag studios near Berlin. It is too funny and too bitter and too grotesque not to be a true account of the seven months during which the picture loitered toward completion.

Yet that is too peaceful a word for the feuds, wholesale resignations, bouts of enthusiasm and *volte faces* that bestrew the course of this production.

If the novelist's touch is an ability to turn every happening noted to the advantage of your writing, then Mr. Heygate certainly has it. And with it a sly humour that I found irresistible.

What Miss Vicki Baum doesn't know about the novelist's touch isn't worth knowing. In **FALLING STAR** (Bles. 7s. 6d.) she takes all the popular conceptions of Hollywood (as fostered in the film-fan magazines), and with the highly-coloured ingredients she makes a workable story.

Donka Morescu was a star of the old "silent" days; Ria Maria a reigning star. Nobody believed that Donka could stage a come-back, but she did, stepping on Ria's face on the way.

Oliver Dent was English, and the idol of the fifteen centers and two-and-fourpennies. He made a good lover for Donka—up to a point.

I suspect Miss Baum of writing down to the film public. This story is a long way short of *Grand Hotel*.

The discriminating who picked out Mr. Merle Colby's *All Ye People* as an outstanding book of last year will welcome the publication of **THE BROWN RIFLE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

Here is a story of the pioneering days in Ohio, beginning on a day in 1820, when Martin Ward met a woman named Hagar in a wilderness of snow and desolation. It is a story of the fight against famine and the forces of Nature, against rascality and human cupidity, and it is rich in the colour of life in a crude and struggling community.

A powerful and satisfying novel by a writer who should be better known in this country than he is.

Among the week's thrillers I choose first H. C. Bailey's **SHADOW ON THE WALL** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), re-introducing the plump and wistful Mr. Fortune, who had a way with him that murderers feared. He murmurs his way deprecatingly through this story of lethal intrigue and remains unembittered. Perhaps that is the greatest mystery in this well-planned book.

DEATH RIDES THE AIR LINE, by William Sutherland (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.), sets us off after the murderer of a passenger in an air liner. Everybody was suspect, so with the help of Det.-Inspector Grady we examine the lives and habits of everybody in that aeroplane. I liked Grady.

Another corpse in an aeroplane is the subject of our investigations in **THE PUZZLE OF THE PEPPER TREE,** by Stuart Palmer (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.). A good, fast-moving American thriller of the best type.

Vernon Fane.

TWO BOOKS ON CERVANTES

CERVANTES CONJURES UP DON QUIXOTE WHEN A PRISONER

CERVANTES IS GRANTED AN AUDIENCE BY PHILIP II OF SPAIN

Roger Bouteh de Monvel takes as his key to the life of Cervantes that he was dogged by some malevolent enchanter, and suffered misfortune (he lost an arm at Lepanto and was a captive in Algiers) much as his famous hero did in the world of romance and enchantment. Mr. A. William Ellis translates and introduces the volume which is fully and sympathetically illustrated by Dudley Tennant

SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES BY HIMSELF

HOUSE WHERE CERVANTES LIVED IN VALLADOLID

Señor Mariano Tomas has written a very carefully constructed life of the author of *Don Quixote*, taking Cervantes' writings as a guide where documentary evidence fails. This life and adventures of Miguel de Cervantes has been translated from the Spanish by Warre B. Wells. The publishers are George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

SAVING PACE on a SUMMER CRUISE

An amusing white beach bag with a blue leather circle in the centre. Lined with oilskin, it costs 10s. 9d. at Harrods

Travel lightly and you will travel happily. If you've ever struggled with a mass of unwieldy luggage you will know that this is true. Here is a four-piece suit which will help you to achieve that end, for it consists of a well-tailored jacket and a skirt which buttons down the front, a sun-turning top of crêpe de chine, and shorts—in pastel coloured tweed linen with a dark top, and all made to measure in nine days for 7½ guineas. It comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge

On left—Here is the sort of coat you will want on board. It is light in weight and is made in brown, willow, and white tweed. The wide collar, the raglan sleeves, the pointed yoke trimmed with large buttons, and the deep inverted pleat at the back are all points to notice, for they make an extremely smart as well as an essentially practical garment. It is made by Studd & Millington at 51, Conduit Street, W., and can be copied from 6½ guineas in any sort of tweed

Here are the linen shorts which complete the suit shown on the right at the head of the page

Take as many unerasable evening frocks as you can, for you will certainly need them This delightful dress in flimsy organdie patterned with tulip flowers costs only 65s. in the new Débutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, London, W It has a large bow set piquantly across the front of the neck and a moderate W at the back

SUMMER CRUSING of So

RIPPLES IN THE DARDANELLES: Breaking the shining surface of this famous strait

THE GOLDEN HORN: Cruising down the Bosphorus, the shore fringed with the houses and mosques of Istambul

SOME OF the most popular of summer-cruising grounds are those which skirt the coast of many of the countries of Southern Europe.

There, in the summer time, one can always be sure of sunshine sufficient to make life in the open air most enjoyable, whilst the gentle sea breezes that blow temper the heat to that degree which makes deck games very delightful.

Many of the cruising liners make for Villefranche, that delightful little old-world port which lies between Nice and Monte Carlo, and which has a splendid natural harbour, where often you will find many of the warships of the French Mediterranean Squadron lying at anchor. As you near land you have a fine view of the French Riviera coast, and especially of Nice and of Monaco, and Monte Carlo lying on the eastern side of the rocky peninsula which shelters Villefranche, and there can be no more enjoyable manner of making acquaintance with a region renowned throughout the world for its scenery and the splendour of its many resorts by the sea. Ample time is allowed always for visits ashore, and thus you will have an opportunity for a saunter along the magnificent broad palm-lined Promenade des Anglais in Nice and to revel in the beauty of the rocky terraces of Monte Carlo and the gardens of its incomparable casino. Here, too, if you are fortunate, you will see tennis played on courts arranged in a series rising from the seashore up the hill-side amidst a floral wealth and in a situation that is strikingly picturesque, and the gay and vivid life of the plages of both Nice and Monte Carlo you will find entrancing.

FENCING—the most grace-making of pastimes

FARTHER ALONG this enchanting coast, on the Italian side of the frontier, lies Rapallo, a port of call on some cruises, and one with magnificent coastal scenery, bordering the Tigullian Gulf, and the centre of a district lovely almost beyond imagination, which includes Santa Margherita and Portofino, each, in its way, a perfect gem of natural beauty: to mount the heights of Portofino and see the splendid panorama of the coast of the Italian Riviera is a wonderful experience, and if you are really in luck, you will see, far out over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the misty outlines of the mountains of Corsica. When at Rapallo, too, you may well have time for a visit to nearby Genoa, with its glorious statuary of Campo Santo, and its thrilling memories of the Dorias and the days when they made Genoa great.

Cruising gives those who have not seen it before the first glimpse of Naples as it should be seen—from its wonderful bay—and small wonder that Naples should be so popular with the cruising liners, for it has the attractions of a city rich in treasures of the arts and crafts, with a life that is peculiar to itself, and it has near at hand the enthralling spectacle of ever-active Vesuvius, and the equally enthralling ones of Herculaneum and Pompeii, those two thriving towns of the old Roman Empire which Vesuvius once engulfed in destruction, and of which sufficient has been unearthed from their burden of volcanic ash to give an astonishingly clear idea of the life and buildings of those bygone times. Within easy reach of Naples, too, are Capri and Sorrento, each world-famed for its beauty, and Amalfi, a little paradise by the sea.

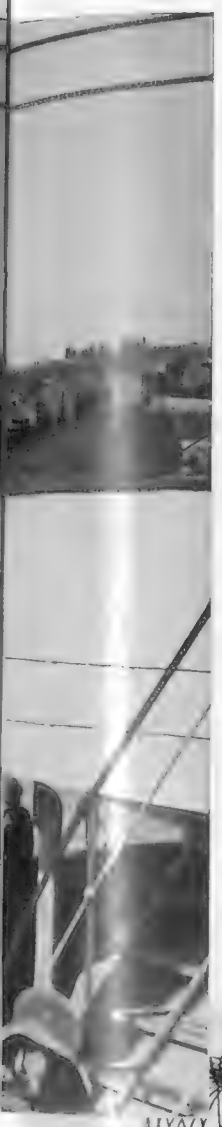
THE ADRIATIC is a favourite summer cruising ground, and Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, is seen under the most delightful conditions from a cruising liner. The city rises, as it were, from the sea before you, a vision of marble palaces and lofty spires of dazzling white in the strong summer sun, and you sense something of the spirit of phantasy in which Venice in enshrined—this wonder city, reared up on over a hundred islets in a shallow lagoon. And when you drop anchor in the Grand Canal, the palaces of the once great Doges of Venice, the glories of Piazza san Marco, and of St. Mark and its priceless relics, the Bridge of Sighs, the beautiful church of Santa Maria della Salute are all close at hand, and these and other great treasures of art and history, and the fascinating life of the canals, will fill every moment of your stay with joy—to be heightened by a peep at the Lido.

Across on the eastern side of the Adriatic lies Abbazia, another cruise port, with charming scenery and particularly luxuriant vegetation, and near at hand, and a great attraction, are the famous grottoes of Postumia. Steaming southwards one comes to that delightful stretch of Adriatic coast known as the Dalmatian Riviera, and which gives, in turn, four altogether desirable stopping-places—Split, Korcula, Kotor, Dubrovnik.

Split, once known as Spalato, was a pleasant resort in the days of the Roman Empire, and among the splendid ruins of those times are the palace and tomb of the Emperor Diocletian; Korcula is an entrancing little island and a splendid centre for sport, with a tiny port in a most picturesque setting and itself almost an islet; and Kotor, better known as Cattaro, is the gateway to the former little highland kingdom of Montenegro, which, in the days before the War, was one of the most interesting of the smaller States of Europe. Time is generally

GROUNDS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE

by EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.



given for a visit to Cettinje, the old Montenegrin capital, which is full of interest, affording a vivid glimpse of the hardy life led by the mountain folk of this region, and giving a wonderful sea and mountain view.

DUBROVNIK, AS RAGUSA, helped to make history in Europe for several hundred years, and it was the cradle of Yugoslav culture in the dark days of Turkish dominance in the Balkans. Built on a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea, walled, with fine towers and seaward fortifications rising directly from the water's edge, Dubrovnik is easily the most picturesque city on the Dalmatian coast. It has a most interesting church of the Byzantine period, two fine 14th-century convents with cloisters of late Romanesque, and a Rector's palace of late Romanesque and Venetian Gothic which is one of the masterpieces of Dalmatian architecture. The countryside about Dubrovnik is very lovely and the little island of Lokrum just opposite is a jewel of woodland and verdure which has figured in legend from the time of the Crusades.

Another delightful cruising-ground is among the islands of the Ægean Sea—"the Isles of Greece." Rugged and barren in appearance as most of them are, they are very interesting and picturesque, and they are peopled with a fine stock of mainly Greek descent. Delos is a huge mass of granite, three miles long by a mile to a half-mile wide, but it is the most famous of all of the Cyclades, as the islands are properly termed.

JERUSALEM: The so-called Mosque of Omar, the greatest shrine of Islam in the sacred city of Judaism and Christianity. Eight flights of steps lead up to it

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE": The time-shattered columns of the Acropolis on whose slopes is grouped a large tourist party

Melos, another of the islands, with a crater, harbour, and a mountain over 2,500 ft. in height, although mainly rugged and hilly, has fertile parts where the orange and vine and olives and barley are cultivated, and several picturesque little towns.

QUITE THE most curious of the islands, and one at which cruising vessels often call, is Santorin, a crescent-shaped mass of volcanic rock, with cliffs which in places rise perpendicularly from the water's edge for 1,000 ft. These cliffs show horizontal bands of volcanic earth coloured black, white, yellow, purple, red, and green, and the effect produced is very striking. The only trees growing on the island are fig, cactus, and palm, wood having to be imported, but nevertheless grapes are cultivated successfully. They produce the famous Santorin wine.

The long coast-line of Spain gives many a port for a cruising call, and of these Barcelona is one of the most interesting. Farther south Malaga offers the charm of a countryside which is amazingly fertile and delights the tourist from Northern climes with plantations of bananas and sugar-cane, groves of oranges and lemons, gardens of figs and melons, and vineyards of luscious grapes. Malaga has, too, a reputation for the beauty of its women, and from here there is an opportunity for a visit to Granada and its world-famed Alhambra—the masterpiece of the Moors.

"GIB," WITH ITS quaintly cosmopolitan "atmosphere" and its abiding historical interest, never fails to charm, and across the bay Algeciras calls, whilst farther round, on the Atlantic coast, Cadiz in its wonderful setting by the sea, a dream city of white rising from the blue waters, is an ideal port of call for those who wish to see something of the gay life of Andalusia, since it is an easy run from here to Seville, the Andalusian capital, where the feasts and fashions of Southern Spain are dazzling in their brilliance, and where the architectural glories of the "Giralda," the Gothic cathedral, and the Alcazar, send the lover of art into an ecstasy.

Much farther north, along a rugged rocky coast, are other Spanish ports of call which possess splendid scenery and are rich in historical interest—Vigo, with a beautiful bay, which has witnessed English men-of-war make a descent on a Spanish treasure-fleet, and loot it, and Corunna, which in its magnificent harbour gave shelter to the ill-fated Spanish Armada and rest on its heights to the remains of gallant Sir John Moore.

LASTLY, ON the coast of Portugal, there is a cruising port of call which for charm of scenery and general interest is second to none. From the time you pass the golden sand bar by the Tagus' mouth, until you anchor off the stately city of Lisbon, rising tier upon tier above the river bank, there is something of interest to behold. Ashore, the amazing contrast between the broad, handsome, tree-lined thoroughfares and the remains of the old Roman and Moorish town, is one you will always remember. Likewise, the links of Lisbon with Vasco da Gama, that bold explorer of the sea; the drive to Cintra, gloriously set amid its beautiful, wooded heights; and to Estoril, most perfect of resorts by a wondrous summer sea.

DECK-TENNIS—a favourite sport

CRUISING IN NORWEGIAN and BALTIC WATERS

LIMPID MAJESTY: A view of Balholm on Sogne, the longest of the Norwegian fjords. In the background rise the sloping snowfields of the mountain group known as the Jostedalsbreen

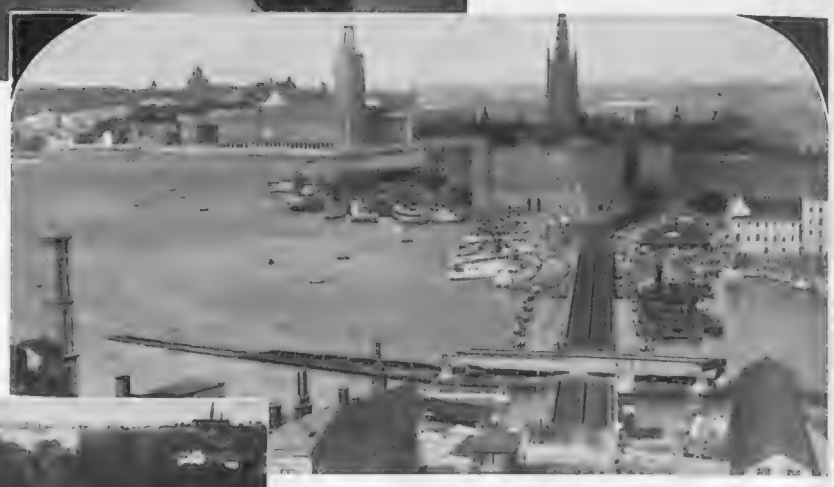
IN SUMMER TIME, the call of the North is one that is very insistent, nor is the reason difficult to understand, for then is the season of clear skies and long, sunny days, merging gradually into a twilight in which the warmth of the day lingers and the brilliant hues of sunset tinge the horizon almost throughout the short space of night.

Such weather is ideal for cruising, and one of the most favoured cruising-grounds is the coast of Norway, with its wonderful coastline of 1,700 miles, fringed with innumerable small islands and broken up by huge fjords, great deep-water channels carved in past ages by ice-action, and which have worn their way from far inland to the sea. Through plain and mountain alike their track passes, overcoming all obstacles, and so steaming along on their quiet waters, a wonderful variety of scenery meets the eye. The grandeur of the fjords is intense; you will not find its like anywhere else in the world.

APART FROM the fjords, there are cities and towns on the coast of Norway which are full of charm: Bergen, ideally situated among the fjords, and at the foot of majestic tree-clad heights, with its ancient fortress, the Bergenhuis, the tower of Rosenkrantz and its old weather-boarded houses dating back many, many centuries, is one of the most picturesque of ports.

Stavanger has a twelfth-century cathedral, dedicated to St. Swithin; Trondhjem, founded in 996 by Olaf Trygvason, has witnessed the crowning, in its magnificent cathedral, the finest example of restrained Gothic in all Norway, of all the Norwegian kings; Tromsö lies within the Arctic Circle, and is the clearing-house for Spitzbergen; but you will find the rowan tree and the silver birch growing there, and the wild cherry. It is a most pleasant little town, where all the houses have the merit of being attractive; and Hammerfest is the most northerly town in the world, its prevailing odour being that of cod-liver oil!

Cruises to Norwegian waters often include visits to some of these highly-interesting spots, especially when the cruise is one to that bleak and desolate area some sixty miles north of Hammerfest, known as the North Cape. This is indeed a fitting spot from which to view the marvellous spectacle of the Midnight Sun.



VENICE OF THE NORTH: A general view of Stockholm showing one of the principal bridges of the city and, just left of centre, the new town hall, one of the finest of post-War buildings

THE CAPITAL OF LATVIA: Municipal gardens in Riga through which runs a canal from the River Daugava

GATEWAY OF THE FJORDS: A panoramic view of Bergen demonstrating at once its ideal situation as a port and its idyllic surroundings as a beauty spot. *Above*—THE HEART OF COPENHAGEN: The palace of Christiansborg, containing the King's reception rooms, Parliament, the Supreme Court, and the Foreign Office

THE POPULAR Baltic cruise is one which takes in most of the capitals of Northern Europe and it is a delightful method of spending a summer holiday. It gives you a glimpse of Oslo, delicately set amidst the waters of a lovely fjord and on the slopes of luxuriantly-forested heights, with its most handsome thoroughfare of Karl Johan's Gade sweeping majestically through the city up to the royal palace, the picturesque walls and bastions of its old fortress, and its entrancing outdoor life. And then you steam in smooth waters past the near-lying Swedish coast, past the famous Danish cape known as the Skaw, to Copenhagen, there to find a city of canals and busy thoroughfares, of royal palaces, and pleasant parks and boulevards, and a population which at certain hours of the day lives mainly on bicycles.

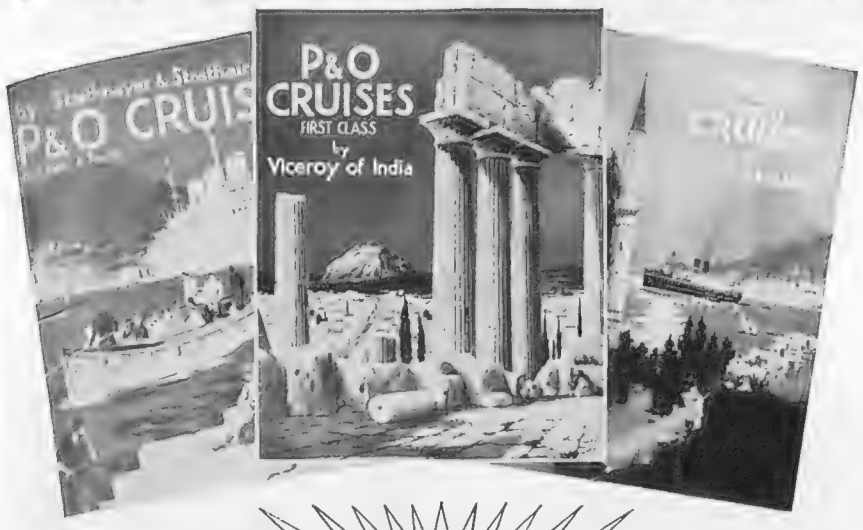
You will have time for an excursion into the countryside which you will find as pleasant as the best of our own, and very similar; perchance there will be time for a visit to Elsinore, with its traditions of Hamlet; but in any case at night you will marvel at the fun and frolic of Copenhagen's gigantic open-air amusement fair and gardens—the Tivoli.

ON THE WAY to Stockholm you will pass the historic island of Visby, centuries ago the richest island in the Baltic, owning ninety churches, and where the treasure chest of the Hanseatic League was kept. In Stockholm, a city built on small islands bridged over, with a wealth of water about it, and with magnificent buildings, many of dark red brick and grey granite, you will see folk as smartly-dressed and shops as elegant as those of Paris.

The modern note of Helsinki, as the Finns name their capital, once known as Helsingfors, will occasion surprise, perhaps, but admiration cannot be withheld from the wonders accomplished since Finland won freedom from Russian tyranny. If Leningrad is on the itinerary, you will have an opportunity of viewing the palaces of Tsarskoye Selo and Peterhof, and the Winter Palace, and the dungeons of the grim fortress of Peter and Paul, which you would never have had in pre-War days; then passing on to the Baltic States in Tallinn and Riga, you will see most picturesque remains of the days when the Teutonic Knights of the Cross and the Sword were paramount in the lands of Estonia and Latvia.

In Riga you can dine at a restaurant with a cuisine that is eminently first-class and go afterwards to hear excellent State-subsidized opera! The glories of Danzig lie in the fine old stone mansions of its once extremely opulent burghers, but you will find the star of commercial greatness rising to-day in Poland's nearby Gdynia. So to the Kiel Canal, cut through charming country, pastoral and woodland, with possibly a call at the mighty and very attractive port of Hamburg, and—home.

P & O CRUISES



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June 23	14	*Malaga, Monte Carlo, Naples, Lisbon	
June 30	13	*Tangier, Malta, Naples, Gibraltar	
July 14	13	*Barcelona, Naples, Malta, Gibraltar	1st Cl. £22 or £25
July 28	13	*Barcelona, Naples, Malta, Gibraltar	
Aug. 11	13	*Monte Carlo, Naples, Tangier	
Aug. 25	13	*Gibraltar, MonteCarlo, Naples, Tangier	
Sept. 8	14	*Malaga, Monte Carlo, Naples, Lisbon	

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July 21	13	†H'mburg, Zoppot, Copenhagen, Bergen	£12
July 21	17	†Naples, Barcelona, Lisbon, Vigo	£16
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SUNLIT ISLES WITH A CRUISI

Majorca, Sicily, Cyprus, Rhodes,

ONE OF THE GREATEST of the joys of cruising is the opportunity it gives for visiting islands, places, perhaps, one would never visit in the ordinary run of things, and of all the seas in the world the Mediterranean is, undoubtedly, the richest in islands of all-round charm.

When our Western civilization had its beginnings in the Mediterranean zone, it was on these islands that it flourished—on the ruins of a prehistoric culture, and here to-day the traces are to be found of a great past which links up the thousands of years of man's endeavour before the Christian era with the thousands of years after. Here, too, people of the same stock originally, as the result of isolation and infusions of different blood developed into races greatly varying in complexion, build, and character, and with language and customs widely apart from those of their nearest island neighbours. Thus the Mediterranean islands present a picture to-day that is interesting in the extreme.

A GREAT ATTRACTION of these isles with a cruising "call" is the diversity of the scenery they afford; the garden-like beauty and the luxuriant vegetation of Majorca, especially of Valdemosa and Soller; the snow-capped mountains and wild passes, and the *maquis* of Corsica, the latter a species of thick undergrowth of pink and white heath, honeysuckle, arbutus, myrtle, and lavender, which forms a tangled mass that only a Corsican peasant can negotiate; the orange and lemon trees, and the vineyards of Sicily, and Etna, "Queen of Volcanoes"; the rocky terraces along the contours of the hills in Malta where the hardy peasants grow their grain and vegetables, and some most excellent nectarines, peaches, and grapes; the great pine-clad mountains of Troödos, in Cyprus, and the avenues of bougainvillea and hibiscus, and the rose-gardens of Rhodes.

None of the islands is like unto another; in each the character of the country-side changes in a really remarkable degree.

Each island has something novel for the tourist. In Majorca, landing at Palma, you will find yourself in an old-world city where the buildings have a delightfully distinctive style, a blend of the art of the Moors and the builders of Spain. The Cathedral, in Gothic style, is of great beauty, the Almudaina, where now the Governor lives, was built by the victorious Moors on the sight of a Roman castle, and the Castle of Bellver, a medieval structure, in which the independent kings of the island once lived, still remains. Parts of the city are centuries old, consisting of narrow, dark streets, linked up with flights of cobbled steps, and old-time customs that are extremely picturesque are maintained.

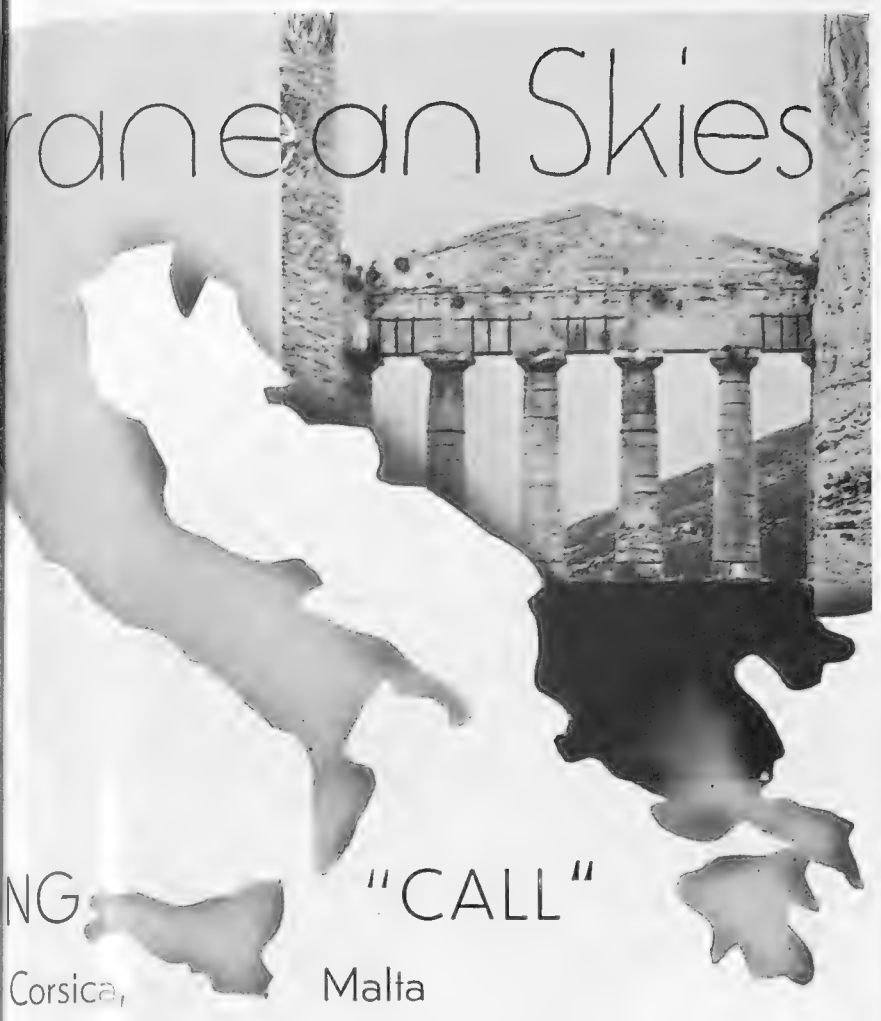
You may be sufficiently lucky to see one of the many feast-days, or carnivals; you should, anyhow, visit the gardens of Raxa, and the orange groves of Soller, and see all that you can of the beautiful coast-line at Miramar and the Bay of Alcudia.

THE HOUSES OF AJACCIO, Corsica's capital, stand out very white against the blue of the harbour waters and their background of lofty mountains, and the note struck ashore is one of pleasant homes amid charming gardens of mimosa, tamarisk, and oleander, of roses, violets and geraniums, and of avenues of palm and eucalyptus. The Genoese founded Ajaccio, but of them you find no trace; everything to-day is French-Corsican, and the one place of pilgrimage is the house in which once lived the great Buonaparte.

It has been left much as it was in the days of the Emperor.

Among the furniture is the table from

ISLAND OF COLOSSUS: The beautifully laid-out promenade and *plage* at Rhodes. In the distance are the mountains of Asia Minor



which he dined, the chair on which he used to sit, the desk at which he wrote, and the old Sedan chair in which Madame Buonaparte, the mother, was brought back hurriedly from the Cathedral just before her famous son was brought into the world! All over Corsica you will find Napoleon very much in evidence as a statue, and as a place-name, and the popular brand of cigarette is the Petit Caporal. Corsica has magnificent scenery, a fascinating fortress town on the rocky coast at Bonifacio, a marvellous motor run—the "Circuit des Calanches de Piana," a modern port, with fine hotels at Bastia, and a Corsican patriot, Paoli, once well known in this country, and revered everywhere throughout his own lovely land.

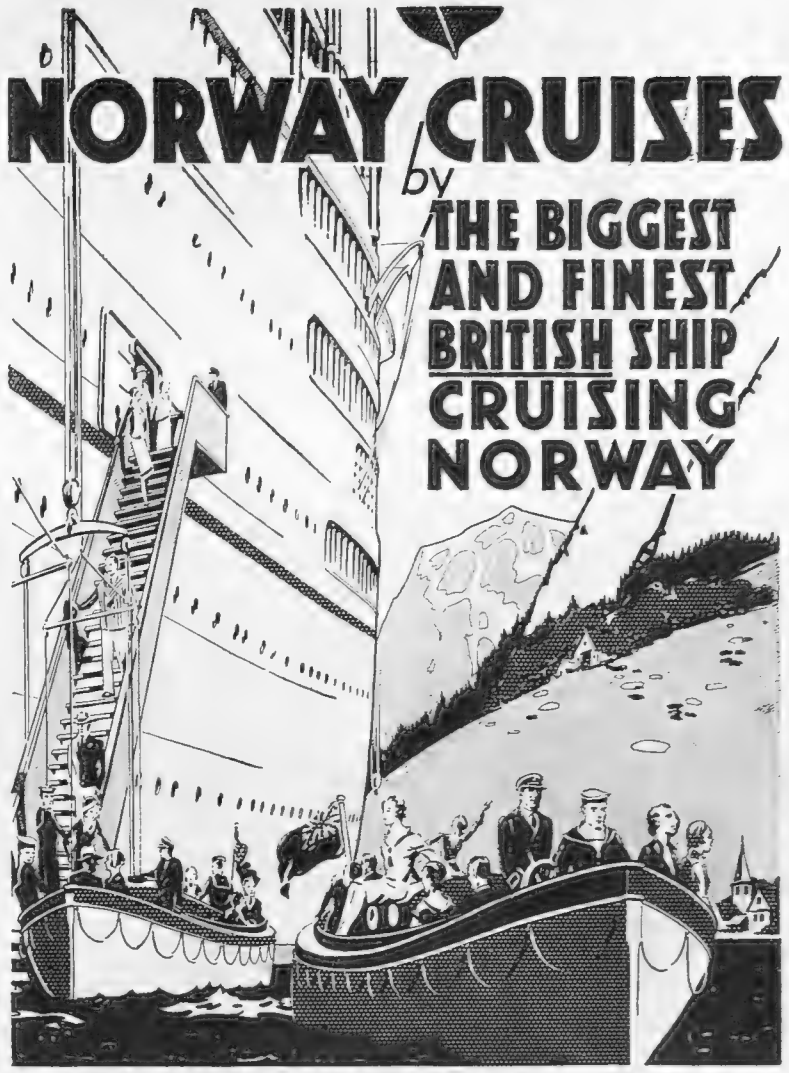
THE GOLF COURSE AT PALERMO: Sicily has been Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman, Bourbon. To-day it is the resort of both the holiday-maker and the antiquary

SICILY HAS PALERMO, a city that has been Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman, and Bourbon in turn, to be delivered from the latter tyranny by the patriot Garibaldi. To-day, in its beautiful mountain setting, on an exquisite bay, it is in its older self a store-house of treasures of architecture, archæology, and art, with a population which has not lost the love of colour, and in its youthful vigour it has become a fashionable resort by the sea, with a handsome plage, hotels de luxe, and all facilities for sport. At Segesta, not far away, there are magnificent ruins of a Greek theatre, and the countryside about Palermo is lovely, especially when the fruit trees are in flower. Landing at Messina, you have the joy of a wonderful motor run along the coast to beautiful Taormina, with one of the most glorious views this earth can give—of coast, and sea, and of Etna and her snows.

You cannot fail to thrill as you pass the battlemented walls of Valetta, when steaming into Malta's magnificent harbour. Never was more history made in a smaller space, perhaps, than here. Roman, Arab, and Norman fought for it, and the Christian Knights of Malta held it against Turks and pirates, until o'erthrown by Napoleon's might when Britain stepped into the breach. Valetta is an architectural dream, and the city has priceless relics of history, and of art, with curious old quarters, where the houses are quaint indeed, and there is much to delight the eye. In Citta Vecchia, the old capital, there are ancient churches, monasteries and catacombs to be seen, and nearby is St. Paul's Bay, where the Apostle was cast ashore after shipwreck.

CYPRUS, SAID TO HAVE been the birthplace of Aphrodite, certainly knew the rule of Ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, and Assyria, then of Alexander the Great, and of Rome. Cyprus saw there our Richard Cœur de Lion, demanding justice for insult to Berengaria, his affianced bride. A short rule under the Knights Templar, a long one under Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem and Venice; then came the Turks—to stay—but the memorials of these crowded times have outlived the Turks, and are to be seen to-day, though sadly in need of repair.

And what of Rhodes? Earliest of the Greek colonies overseas, for long years it held, in its Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Then a Roman culture centre, where Cicero, Cæsar, and Augustus studied philosophy and eloquence, it was destroyed by Saracen corsairs, passed under Venetian and Genoese rule in turn, and finally became the Christian stronghold of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, until, in 1522, they were overwhelmed by Suleiman the Magnificent. But even the Turks respected the marvellous medieval remains, and now Mussolini has made them accessible to all who care to visit this wonderful city of the past.



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THE SUMMER C

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SUMMER-CRUISING HAS attained such a degree of popularity, that a "guide" to the various tours provided by the companies owning the cruising liners is very necessary.

Below we give the "Summer-Cruiser's Guide": from it you can choose the tour and the vessel which suits your fancy, and there is little doubt that in any case you will choose a winner.

WHITE STAR.—*Doric* (16,500 tons).—Liverpool, June 2, for Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, and Casablanca, 14 days; June 23, for Barcelona, Monaco, and Palma, 14 days; July 14, for Oban, Eidfjord, Ulvik, Trondheim, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Gudvangen, Mundal, Balholm, Bergen, and Immingham, 13 days; July 28, from Immingham, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Zoppot, Tallinn, Stockholm, Kiel Canal, Hamburg, and Southampton, 15 days; August 15, from Southampton, for Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Lisbon, 13 days (Scholars' Cruise). *Homeric* (35,000 tons).—Southampton, June 16, for Tangier, Algiers, Naples, Syracuse, Cattaro, Venice, Ragusa, Malta, and Gibraltar, 21 days; July 14, for Barcelona, Naples, Athens, Rhodes, Malta, and Tangier, 19 days; August 4, for Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Tangier, and Lisbon, 14 days; August 22, for Tangier, Palma, Naples, Messina, and Gibraltar. 14 days. *Adriatic* (25,000 tons), from Liverpool, August 4, for Lisbon, Tangier, Teneriffe, and Madeira, 14 days; August 25, for Lisbon, Algiers, Malta, Messina, Naples, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 19 days.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.—*Montrose* (16,400 tons), from Liverpool, June 2, for Madeira, Casablanca, Cadiz, and Vigo, 13 days; June 16, for Tangier, Algiers, Barcelona, and Lisbon, 13 days; June 30, for Tangier, Palma, Cadiz, and Lisbon (to London), 13 days; July 21, from London, for Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Vigo, 13 days; August 4, for Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Lisbon, 13 days; August 18, for Casablanca, Gibraltar, Palma, and Lisbon, 13 days. *Empress of Australia* (22,000 tons), June 29, from Southampton and Immingham, for Norwegian fjords, returning to Immingham and London, 14 days; July 14, from London and Leith, for Spitzbergen, North Cape, Norwegian fjords, returning to Leith and Immingham, 19 days; August 3, from Immingham, for Norwegian fjords and Northern capitals, 12 days. *Montcalm* (16,400 tons), July 7, from Southampton, for Casablanca, Cadiz, and Corunna, 10 days. *Montclare* (16,400 tons), July 14, from Liverpool, for Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Malaga, 13 days; August 4, for Ceuta, Palma, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, 13 days; August 18, for Ceuta, Madeira, and Lisbon, returning to Southampton, 11 days.

TUG-O'-WAR: One of the more energetic pastimes on the P. & O. liner, *Viceroy of India*

CUNARD.—*Lancastria*, from Liverpool, June 9, for Cadiz, Casablanca, Las Palmas, and Madeira, 13 days; June 23, for Copenhagen, Danzig, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, 13 days; July 7, for Reykjavik, Trondheim, Aalesund, Merok, Loen, Olden, and Bergen, 13 days; July 21, for Olden, Loen, Mundal, Bergen, Christiansand, Oslo, Gothenburg, and Copenhagen, 13 days; August 4, for Corunna and Vigo, 6 days; August 11, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma, and Ceuta, 13 days; August 25, for Lisbon and Madeira, 10 days. *Samaria*, from London, June 16, for

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NOVELTY: A tortoise race organized on the *Mauretania*

RUISER'S GUIDE

the Atlantic Islands, the the Arctic Circle, Baltic

Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days; June 30, for Ceuta, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; July 14, for Tangier, Barcelona, Palma, and Vigo, 13 days; July 28, for Amsterdam, Merok, Mundal, Balholm, Bergen, Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam, 13 days; August 11, for Hamburg, Danzig, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Bergen, 13 days.

P. & O.—(First-class cruises only.) *Viceroy of India* (20,000 tons), June 30, from London for Trondheim, Tromso, North Cape, Narvik, Svartisen Glacier, Aandalsnes, Olden, Loen, and Bergen, 13 days; July 14, for Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zoppot, and Hamburg, 13 days; July 28, for Gibraltar, Malaga, Naples, Dubrovnik, Venice, Bizerta, and Lisbon, 20 days; August 18, for Lisbon, Bizerta, Malta, Candia, Santorin, Delos, Mykonos, Tinos, Athens, Nauplia, Katacolo, Barcelona, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Bordeaux, 23 days. (First class and Tourist.) *Strathnaver* (22,500 tons), June 9, from Southampton, for Tangier, Malta, Naples, and Gibraltar, 13 days; June 23, for Gibraltar, Malaga, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Lisbon, 14 days. *Strathaird* (22,500 tons), from London, June 15, for Lisbon, Naples, Algiers, Gibraltar, Vigo, and Arosa Bay, to Southampton, 14 days; June 30, from Southampton, for Tangier, Malta, Naples, and Gibraltar, 13 days; July 14 and 28, for Barcelona, Naples, Malta, and Gibraltar, 13 days; August 11 and 25, Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Tangier, 13 days. (Tourist class) *Moldavia* (17,000 tons), June 9, from London for Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, Vigo, and Arosa Bay, 13 days; June 23, for Bergen, Norheimsund, Zoppot, Bornholm, Copenhagen, and Hamburg, 13 days; July 7, for Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; July 21, for Hamburg, Zoppot, Bornholm, Copenhagen, Tysse, and Bergen, 13 days; August 4, for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Santorin, Delos, Tinos, Athens, Nauplia, Katacolo, Algiers, Vigo, and Southampton, 20 days; August 25, from Southampton, for Bordeaux, Arosa Bay, Vigo, and Lisbon, to London, 9 days. *Mongolia* (17,000 tons), from London, July 6, for Bergen, Norheimsund, Copenhagen, Bornholm, Zoppot, Gothenburg, Oslo, and Hamburg, 14 days; July 21, for Gibraltar, Naples, Barcelona, Lisbon, Vigo, Arosa Bay, and Corunna, 17 days.

ROYAL MAIL. — *Atlantis*, June 15, from Southampton, for Tangier, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Villefranche (Nice and Monte Carlo), and Lisbon, to London, 14 days; June 30, from London, for Copenhagen, Visby, Stockholm, Zoppot, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, 13 days; July 4, for Iceland (Reykjavik and Akureyri), Jan Mayen Island, Spitzbergen, Bear Island, North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromso, Trondheim, Merok and Bergen, 19 days; August 3, for Balholm, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, and Bergen, 7 days; August 11, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Visby, Stockholm, Zoppot, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, to Southampton, 14 days.

RED STAR.—*Belgenland* (27,000 tons), July 28, from London for Cadiz (Seville), Gibraltar, Tangier, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; August 11, for Algiers, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days; and August 25, for Algiers, Suvla Bay, Istanbul, Athens (Phaleron Bay), Messina (Taormina), and Cadiz, 20 days.

(Continued on p. 246)

KEEPING COOL: The deck swimming pool is a favourite spot on the 20,000-ton Orient Line vessel, *Orford*

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HAMBURG ...	Town Hall, Elbe Tunnel, Hagenbeck's Tierpark, Lubeck and Berlin. Cabarets at night.
DANZIG (Zoppot)...	By tender up river Mottlau to Danzig. Morning sightseeing, returning to Zoppot for lunch.
LENINGRAD ...	Summer Garden, Hermitage with Gold Room, Winter Palace, Peterhoff palaces and parks, Djetskoye Selo, Smolni.
MOSCOW	Museum of the Revolution, Lenin Hills, Tretiakov Picture Gallery, the Kremlin, Park of Culture and Rest, etc.
HELSINGFORS ...	Motor drives through parks and city, visiting House of Diet, Art Gallery. Lunch at Gustaveland.
STOCKHOLM ...	Royal Palace, Town Hall, City of Uppsala, Palace of Drottningholm. Motor boat tour of waterways.
COPENHAGEN ...	Kronborg Castle, Hamlet's Grave, Hillerod, Frederiksborg Castle. Cabarets at night.
OSLO	Viking ships at Bygdo, People's Museum, bathing at Ljan, Amundsen's house, Lake Tyrifjord, Skaret.

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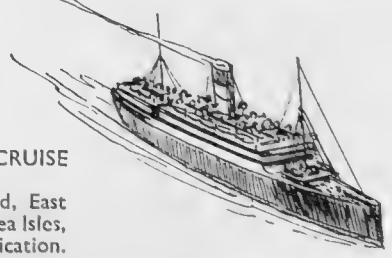

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ORIENT.—*Orford* (20,000 tons), June 2, from Southampton, for Vigo, Lisbon, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, and St. Michael's (Azores), 16 days; June 23, from Immingham, for Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Christiansand, Eidfjord, and Ulvik, 13 days; July 7, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Christiansand, Sandene, Vadheim, Balholm, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, and Norheimsund, 13 days; July 21, for Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Christiansand, Norheimsund, Balholm, Mundal, and Bergen, 16 days; August 11, from Southampton, for Vigo, Palma, Rapallo, Naples, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Kotor, Ceuta, to London, 23 days. *Oronsay* (20,000 tons), June 9, from London, for Lisbon, Naples, Dubrovnik, Venice, Hvar, Korčula, Malta, and Tangier, to Southampton, 20 days; June 30, from Southampton, for Gibraltar, Palma, Naples, Messina, Malta, and Algiers, to London, 16 days. *Orontes* (20,000 tons), from Immingham, June 30, for Molde, Arctic Circle, Merok, Sandene, Vadheim, Mundal, Balholm, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, and Norheimsund, 13 days; July 14, for Molde, Naes, Merok, Olden, Loen, Sandene, Vadheim, Balholm, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, and Norheimsund, 13 days; July 28, for Balholm, Bergen, Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Tallinn, Helsingfors, and Travemunde, 19 days; August 18, from Southampton, for Gibraltar, Messina, Nauplia, Poros, Athens, Istanbul, Rhodes, Malta, and Ceuta, to London, 23 days.

WAR TO THE—SPLASH: A swimming-pool contest on the Royal Mail liner, *Atlantis*

B. & N.—*Stella Polaris*, June 12, from Southampton, for Calais, Bergen, Aalesund, Svartisen Glacier, Tromso, Hammerfest, North Cape, Lyngseidet, Raftsund, Trondheim, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Gudvangen, Balestrand, and Bergen, to Harwich, 14 days; June 28, from Harwich, for Bergen, Aandalsnes, Molde, Svartisen Glacier, Lyngseidet, Lyngstuen, Hammerfest, North Cape, Tromso, Raftsund, Trondheim, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Gudvangen, Balestrand, and Bergen, 14 days; July 13, for Bergen, Aandalsnes, Molde, Svartisen Glacier, Lyngseidet, Lyngstuen, Hammerfest, North Cape, Tromso, Raftsund, Trondheim, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Gudvangen, Balestrand, and Bergen, 14 days; July 28, for Bergen, Trondheim, Svartisen Glacier, Tromso, Hammerfest, North Cape, Bear Island, Spitzbergen, Harstad, Taftsund, Digermulen, Torghatten, Aandalsnes, Molde, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Gudvangen, Balestrand, and Bergen, 20 days; August 18, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Visby, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Kronstadt, Leningrad, Tallinn, Riga, Gdynia, Danzig, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, 20 days. *Meteor*, June 9, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, for Bergen, Odda, Norheimsund, Dirdal, and Stavanger, 7 days; June 16, for Balestrand, Fjaerland, Gudvangen, and Bergen, 7 days; June 23, July 7, 21, and August 4, for Norheimsund, Ulvik, Vik, Eidfjord, Bergen, Gudvangen, Balestrand, Molde, Aandalsnes, Merok, Hellesylt, Loen, Oksenelvene, and Bergen, 14 days; August 18, for Molde, Aandalsnes, Merok, and Bergen, 8 days; August 25, for Norheimsund, Bergen, Gudvangen, and Balestrand, 8 days.

BLUE STAR.—*Arandora Star*, June 15, from Southampton, for Lisbon, Casablanca, Barcelona, Palma, and Gibraltar, 14 days; June 30, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zoppot, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, to London, 13 days; July 14, from London, for Reykjavik, Akureyri, Jan Mayen Island, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromso, Trondheim, Aandalsnes, and Bergen, 20 days; August 4, for Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, and Copenhagen, 13 days; August 18, for Bergen, Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zoppot, Travemunde, Kiel Canal, Hamburg, and Rotterdam, to Southampton, 19 days.

ELLERMAN'S CITY.—*City of Nagpur* (17,000 tons), June 30, from Southampton, for Lisbon, Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Cadiz, and Corunna, 13 days; July 14, for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Palermo, Algiers, and Vigo, 14 days; July 28, for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Ajaccio, Capri, Naples, Taormina, Malta, Algiers, and Cadiz, 20 days; August 18, for Vigo, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Villefranche, Tangier, and Lisbon, 14 days.

SINGLES: A strenuous game

THE SUMMER C

(Continued

BOOTH.—The contribution of the Booth Line to the cruising programme is a summer cruise on their 10,000-ton liner, *Hilary*, up the River Amazon. The passage across the Atlantic is by way of Oporto, giving an opportunity for a tour round this very interesting city; Lisbon, where time is given for sight-seeing in the beautiful Portuguese capital, and for a visit to Cintra and Estoril, and a stop is made at the charming island of Madeira. The journey up the Amazon is from Pará, through the narrows to Gurupá, Oteiras, Prainha, Santarem, Obidos, Parintins, and Itacoatiara, to Manáos. Apart from the marvellously interesting scenes obtained of river life on this, the greatest river in the world, special excursions are arranged by which tourists are taken in small boats along narrow creeks, sometimes well-nigh covered with lilies of the victoria regia, into the heart of the vast Amazonian jungle, where the

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

"HORSE-RACING" AFLOAT: Popular

of deck tennis in progress

RUISER'S GUIDE

(from p. 245)

luxuriance of the vegetation and the colouring of the tropical flowers are almost beyond belief.

BIBBY.—The Bibby Line are making a speciality this summer of a 32-day round tour from Liverpool to Egypt, calling at Gibraltar and Marseilles, and returning to Plymouth and London. Passengers disembark at Port Said and travel by rail to Cairo, where a stay of 6 days is made, with special arrangements for sight-seeing in and around Cairo. The charge made includes all expenses, but the sight-seeing tours are optional. Departures are from Liverpool on June 8 and 22, July 6 and 20, and August 3 and 17. The Bibby Line also arrange a number of all-round tours in the Mediterranean—to the Riviera, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Spain and Morocco, and they make a feature of short Continental cruises. One leaves by the *Shropshire*, from London, on June 16, to Antwerp and back to Liverpool (June 23); others are from London to Hamburg, returning to Liverpool, a 7-day trip by the *Yorkshire* June 2, *Oxfordshire* June 30, *Gloucestershire* July 28, and *Cheshire* August 25. Two other cruises are by the *Staffordshire* on July 21 and the *Worcestershire* August 11, from London to Hamburg and Antwerp, returning to Liverpool, an 8-day trip.

on an Orient Line cruise

entertainment on a C.P.R. liner

ELLERMAN'S WILSON.—*Calypso* (7,500 tons), June 8 and 22, July 6 and 20, August 3, 17, and 31, from London, through the Kiel Canal to Copenhagen, Oslo, and Christiansand; *City of Paris* (17,000 tons), from Hull, every Saturday, from June 23 to September 1 to Christiansand, Oslo, and Christiansand, back to Hull.

UNION CASTLE.—The summer cruising arrangements of the Union Castle Line include a monthly 10-day trip from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg and back to London, by the *Grantully Castle* June 19, *Garth Castle* July 17, and *Durham Castle* August 14; to Madeira, Grand Canary, and Teneriffe by the regular line of steamers to South Africa, and there are special tours to South Africa and back, leaving Southampton by the *Winchester Castle* (20,199 tons), on August 10, and by the *Arundel Castle* (10,109 tons), on August 24, calling at Madeira, Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, and Natal. Tourists have the option of extending their time in South Africa, returning by a steamer at a later date.

CONDUCTED TOURS TO CANADA AND THE U.S.—One may also mention here that the Canadian Pacific Line, in addition to their summer cruises, have a very interesting selection of summer-conducted tours to Eastern Canada and the United States, varying in period from

ON THE AMAZON: The Booth liner, *Hilary*, moored at Parana do Ramos, near Parintins

21 to 31 days, and enabling tourists to visit Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, and the Niagara Falls, whilst there will be a specially-conducted 7-weeks' tour across Canada, leaving Liverpool on July 27 by the *Duchess of Bedford*. It will include much of the magnificent scenery of the Rockies, the Great Lakes, and the beautiful Montmorency Falls, also the leading cities of Canada, from Vancouver to Quebec. This is just the time to see Canada, for Canada is then at its very best.

Evidently train cruising has come to stay. The London and North Eastern Railway announce a series of four "cruises" to start on June 1, and then on June 8, 22, and 29. A special train will be employed, consisting of first-class carriages and sleeping cars, and the number of travellers will be so limited—sixty—that each passenger will have a window seat, a numbered and reserved seat in the restaurant car, and an exclusive bedroom, equipped with hot and cold running water, large mirrors, electric fan, and a heater and reading lamp.

Public rooms on the train will include a lounge saloon, buffet, ladies' retiring-room, and a hairdressing saloon, and there will be a shower-bath compartment and a "wardrobe" coach, where passengers' luggage will be kept separate and readily accessible throughout the "cruise."

The new itinerary prepared covers 2,000 miles of travel, which includes Harrogate, Ripon, and the Yorkshire moors, Penrith, Keswick, and the Lakes, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Deeside, Loch Lomond, Mallaig and the Western Highlands, and the Clyde and the Kyles of Bute. Seven motor-coach tours and two steamship trips are included in this remarkable train-cruising holiday of a week.

SERVICE.—Tickets for all kinds of summer cruises and overland tours are to be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, who have all facilities for making the very best arrangements for would-be travellers and thereby not only ensuring their comfort, but relieving them of a good deal of trouble in the matter. Moreover, Cook's have their representatives in the chief ports frequented by the cruising liners, and on some of the liners their representatives will be found on board. Thus Cooks are able to give passengers a unique service, and one of which they should be very willing to avail themselves.

RED STAR
CRUISES from LONDON
BY THE FAMOUS BRITISH CRUISING LINER
S·S BELGENLAND
27,200 TONS GROSS
"LONDON'S LARGEST LINER"

JULY 28 CADIZ (for Seville), GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, MADEIRA, LISBON.
13 days from 18 gns.

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PLACIDITY—Typically pastoral Norwegian landscape in contrast to the other picture shown on this page

The fascination of Norway is to be found in the variety of the scenery it offers, and by this I mean not only the Norway one sees from the fjords, but also the Norway of the interior, far beyond the reach of the farthest fjord. For the complete picture it then presents is one of a marvellous coast-line, spangled with islands of brown rock and dark-green forest, of low cliffs with a sandy foreshore, and of giant masses of granite against which huge waves shatter in foam; of great fjords, miles wide at the mouth, with low-lying shores, narrowing, as they cut their way inland, to great canyons, with sides of sheer rock rising thousands of feet from the water's edge adown which torrents plunge; of wild valleys ascending from the fjord-head to mountain ranges where there is a wealth of mountain scenery; of snow-capped heights, moorland levels, lovely lakes, and glistening glaciers. And then, beyond all this, a land of broad dales adown which flow peaceful rivers, on the sides of which stretch smiling fields of rye and pasture, and orchards of rosy fruit; of belts of well-wooded plain studded with lovely lakes, and tracks of undulating country between ranges of high hills, well cultivated, fertile, and bearing evidence of prosperity in the number and appearance of the neat homesteads one descries.

To see these wild regions—the playground of the gods—and these fair, settled dales and plains, where the peasants of Norway have their homes and farm their lands, living a life of seclusion, yet one full of colour, and preserving much of old-world custom that is full of charm, you must travel by rail and road through the land, and spend a night here and there in some inland town, in a hostelry where you will eat the good solid fare of the country, drink a glass or two of Norwegian-brewed ale, and hear the fine, full speech of its folk, and then you will gain an insight into the spirit of the Norwegian countryside.

—AND DRAMA: Equally typical of Norway is the riven cleft of the great Hardanger Fjord

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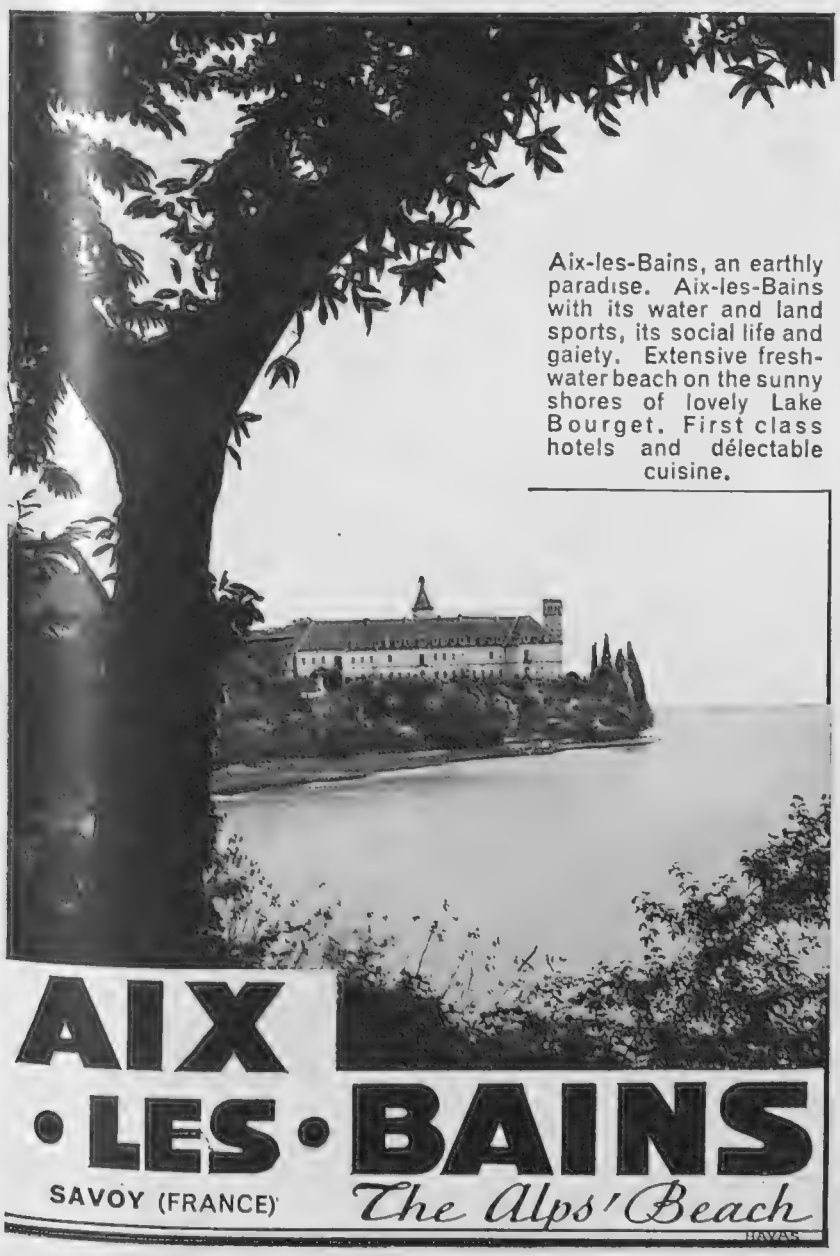

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A SPACIOUS WATERWAY: The Norrstrom on which stand the Foreign Office, Gustavus Adolphus Square, and the Royal Theatre

IF YOU ARE fortunate enough to approach Stockholm by water—quite a simple matter, if you take a Gota Canal steamer from Gothenburg—you will see at once why this city possesses such a strong fascination for those who visit it.

Stockholm is essentially a city of water. All such cities have their peculiar charm, but none more so than the Swedish capital.

In the first place, the nature of the water running through Stockholm is difficult to classify. It is not a river. It is not a canal. It is not a lake, neither is it a sea. On the one hand of Stockholm is Lake Malaren, an expanse of island-dotted water over 100 miles in length. On the other hand winds the ever-broadening archipelago on its sixty-miles course to the sea. Joining the lake and archipelago and dividing the south mainland of Stockholm from the north, is a wide channel of swiftly-rushing water called the Norrström; and this it is which has given the city so much of its health and beauty.

IN THE NORRSTRÖM, scattered from south to north, are thirteen small islands. On these islands—providing an almost perfect barrier against invaders—Stockholm first began in the thirteenth century, when one, Berger Jarl, set up his flag. In course of time, the settlement overflowed from one island to another; and finally, when all thirteen islands were filled, Stockholm stepped out on to the mainland. To-day, the Swedish capital covers a far greater area on the north and south shores than over the thirteen islands. Yet it is to the islands that a visitor first turns, and it is due to them and the water from which they rise that Stockholm possesses so beautiful an appearance.

Little imagination is needed to picture the charm of the bridges flung from island to island and island to mainland over the blue, hurrying waters; the little boats scurrying about, the placid fisherfolk with their curious circular nets, and the great liners and battleships at anchor in the very heart of the city. Wherever one goes, water is never far away; even when it cannot be seen, its healthy freshness is noticeable in the air. The visitor, almost without exception, feels more than usually fit in Stockholm because of this vital, ever-changing atmosphere.

AS ONE WOULD EXPECT, the older part of Stockholm is to be found on the islands—"The Town between the Bridges" as it is called—and although nothing is available as far back as the thirteenth century, there is plenty of the seventeenth. Behind the great Royal Palace, down the narrow, winding, cobbled streets of antiquity, may be found such treasures of architecture as the copper-roofed Riddarhuset, the House of the Nobles, and Riddarholm Church, the ancient burial-place of Swedish royalty. It is only necessary to cross a bridge to experience yet another of Stockholm's claims—its variety. If, on the islands, antiquity is to be found, on the mainland modernity is everywhere. Sweden, and Stockholm in particular, are famed for their modernist architecture.

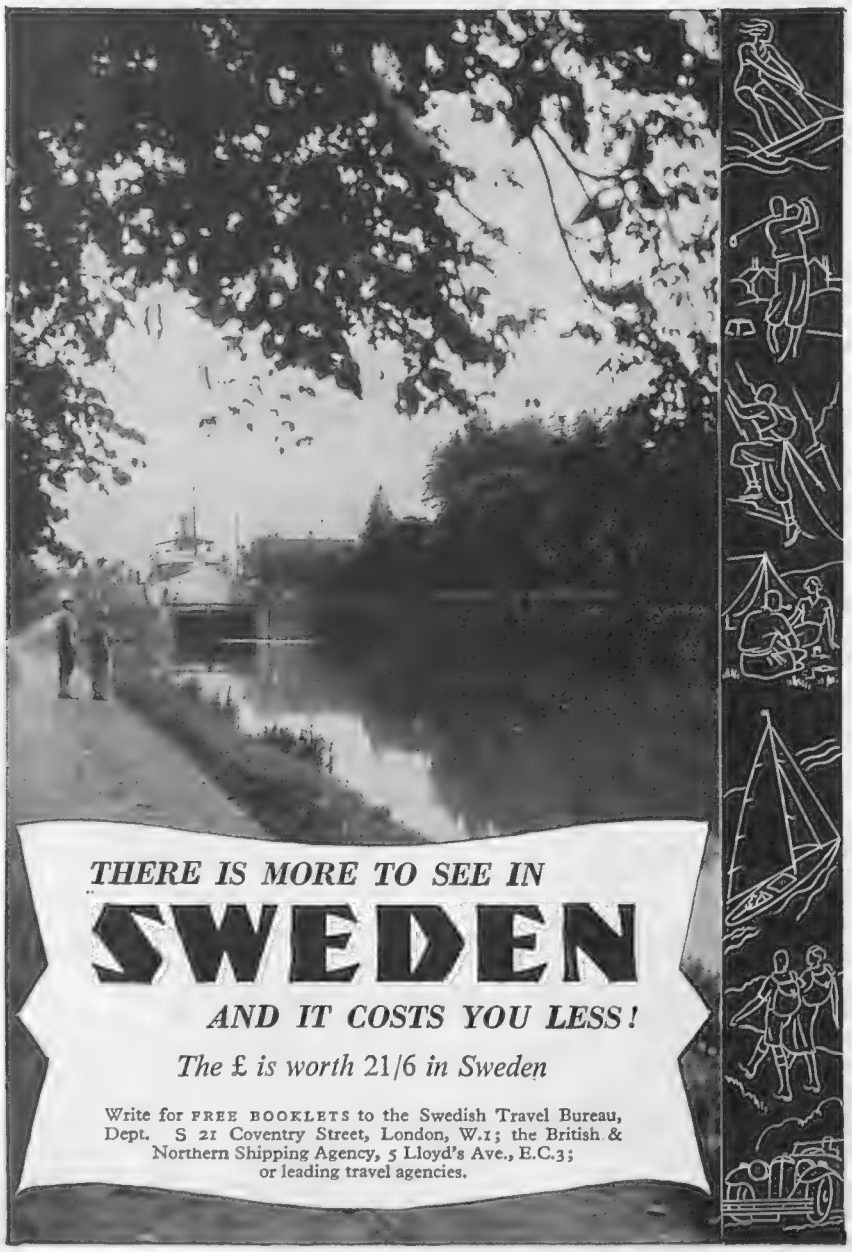
The Town Hall, the Kungsgaten skyscrapers, the Match Trust offices, and the large blocks of flats recently erected are the very last word, in their various styles, in modernism. Add to these, stores and shops unrivalled for their glass, pewter, silver, textiles, and craft work of every kind at moderate prices (the £ is worth 21s. 6d. in Sweden), hotels and restaurants serving the superb Swedish food, the Opera House, the great Concert Hall, and a dozen other places of amusement.

In addition, the surroundings of Stockholm offer the traveller restfulness and enjoyment—Uppsala, the Archipelago, Gripsholm Castle, Drottningholm, Skokloster, to mention but a few. And of course, from Stockholm, any part of Sweden, from Lapland to Gothland, can be visited with speed and in great comfort.

R. G. J.

AERIAL VIEW: Furusund, a fishing hamlet and seaside resort near Stockholm

CAPITAL OF CANALS: One of the waterways of Stockholm on which the Upper House of the Swedish Parliament stands



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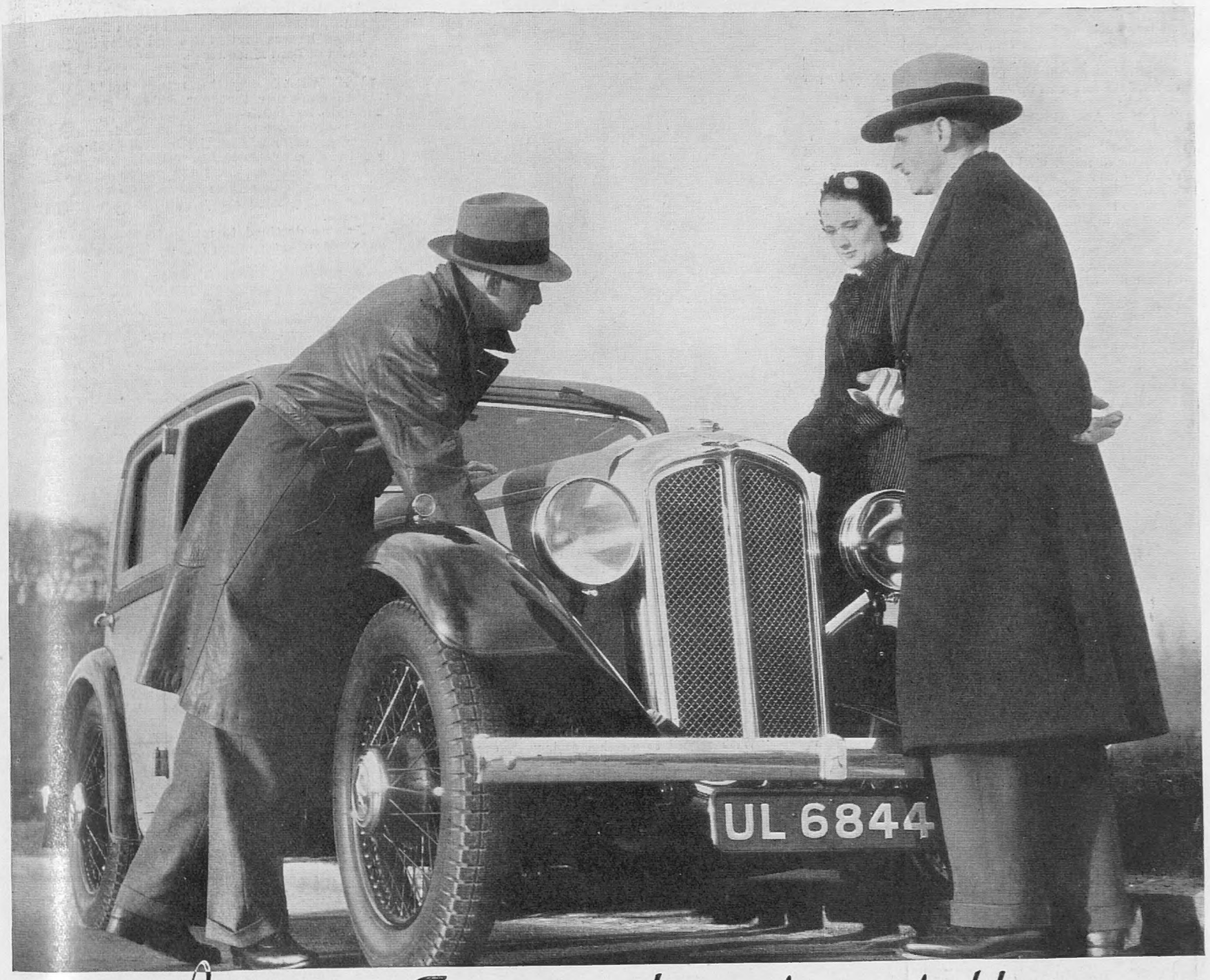

Inside Secrets of a dependable motoring INVESTMENT

The illustration above shows one of the rare occasions on which the bonnet of an Austin is raised. An Austin owner (like anyone possessing a good thing) quite naturally enjoys showing off its good features. Here you see him about to point out a few of the inside secrets of his latest Austin. First, the clean design of the engine and the automatic thermostat control on the cooling system. Maybe he will next point to the special drop frame; possibly follow that up with a demonstration of the Synchromesh gears, which make silent changing so easy; and finally turn to the smooth luxury of the springing. With the memory of his previous Austin, run for over 65,000 no-trouble miles, and now with an even finer-looking car and so many refinements, he is more convinced than ever that in his Austin he has the soundest motoring investment obtainable.

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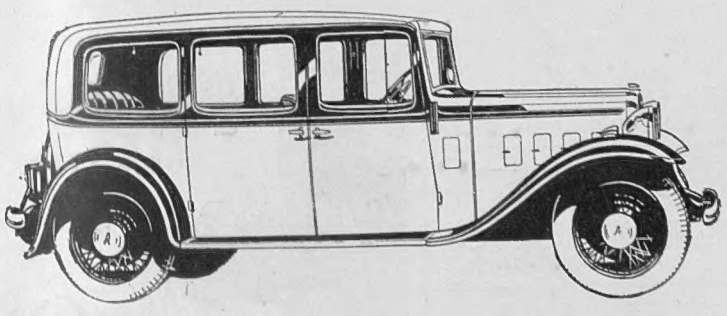

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PROVIDING CASTLES FOR ENGLISHMEN

(Cont. from p. 224)

jerry-built or unreasonably priced. On the other hand, an overwhelming majority of recent villa buildings are financed, as to individual purchase, by building societies which insist that every borrower must have a personal stake in the purchase. This is anything from 10 per cent. of the total cost upwards.

"THE AMOUNT OF DEFAULTING we experience," Sir Harold Bellman told me, "is phenomenally low. The average Englishman does not go in for extended credit in other ways. He is not like the American, for example, who will buy his motor car, his wireless set, and everything else he can, on the instalment system. His house is his first solemn obligation to which he limits himself in many cases.

"Occasionally one gets a defaulter. There was the case of the man who made no effort to pay. Finally, we wrote him a strong letter to say that he was abusing our confidence. He replied:—

> "'I have your letter. I think you should know the way this household is run. Every month when I draw my salary my wife makes a list of all the people to whom we are in debt. Each name is put in a hat. I draw out one name, and one only, and the owner of it gets accordingly paid. If I have any more letters like yours of yesterday, I will not even put your name in the hat!'"

Speaking generally, Sir Harold went on to say that London, in his opinion, is now sufficiently well provided with the more expensive type of flat, but that there still seems to be a real need for the one- or two-roomed flats for the black-coated classes, particularly for single women. One might also call them "spinster flats."

As to houses, the tendency to-day is for wide-spread building within the range of £400 to £600 purchase price.

Reposing in the fireproof strong rooms at Abbey House there are more than 60,000 packets of *title deeds representing a face value of more than £50,000,000.* This department, like the rest, is remarkably rationalized. Practically everything is done mechanically—the addressing of letters, the stamping of them, the filing of correspondence, remind one more of a factory than anything else. The Prince of Wales, who paid it a private visit a few days ago, spent over two hours in the place.

As I left I asked Sir Harold Bellman if it were possible to define a building society in a sentence. The reply was: "A building society is a combination of investors and borrowers operating under a certain amount of Government control, to promote the ideals of thrift and home ownership. A society advances only on the security of first mortgage, and may accept a second mortgage only as additional security to its own first mortgage. The repayment of the advance can be arranged over any period from five to sixteen years, and sometimes up to as much as twenty."

The great thing is that building societies have enabled countless numbers of tenants to become home-owners, and to have something to preserve. Many people thought that saturation point in house building had been reached three or four years ago, yet 1934 is going to be the busiest in the history of Great Britain.

SITTING TIGHT AT SUEZ

(Continued from p. 220)

votes. Moreover, it's high time Germany were re-admitted to the Board, in view of her traffic, and also Italy invited—she uses the Canal almost as much as France.

"In these times we simply must clear away every obstacle we can that lies in the way of world trade and recovery. The high tolls of the Suez form one of the greatest of these obstructions. One would like to boycott the Canal for a period, but that would probably only lead to the company greatly augmenting the tolls on such shipping as had no option but to pass through.

"The legal and administrative system of the Canal has been the same since 1854, whereas this is a totally different world we have entered. De Lesseps did everything he could to protect his creation from being exploited by shareholders' greed. He wished it as a wide-open world utility. We ask no more."

TO WHICH COMES spirited French reply along these lines: "Profits are due to prudence and foresight and to reserves put away in boom times. Original French faith and audacity deserve a rich reward. And does not the British Government draw £1,500,000 a year in dividends? The more you work up this agitation the less we shall be inclined to listen.

"It is possible that other reductions may come in time, though there's no hope of our taking into account the precise nature of cargoes. The suggestion that the Egyptian Government should step in, as concessionary, and attempt to modify the existing order, would be tantamount to sheer robbery.

"Shareholders, many of them new, have paid heavily for what they hold on the assumption that they shall go on holding their property. If any Government sought to evade the one-shareholder-ten-votes clause, thereby trying to corner the shares, that would lead to sharp diplomatic reactions.

"With regard to swollen dividends, even to-day shareholders have barely been recompensed for what they had to sacrifice during the War. As for extravagance, we have cut down personnel costs by 27 per cent."

The Marquis de Vogüé also suggested that Sir Arnold Wilson's campaign was just an electioneering stunt, whereas the latter had begun it many months before he was invited to stand following the tragic death of Lord Knebworth.

JUST WHAT may the future hold? We have to remember that our Government's interests, through its hardy-annual revenue as shareholder, may run counter to those of our trade and shipping. We need to remember the immense value it was to have the French operating the Canal when the Turks attacked on February 2, 1915. Never did the Entente Cordiale work more harmoniously than on that day; the French yielded everything the protecting Power required.

Are we destined to return to the ill-feeling and snatching of last century? Two major questions are posed.

> Firstly, how can the shareholders be persuaded to tune in more to the new world—or can't they?
>
> Secondly, what is to become of the Canal when the present concession ends in 1968—and Sir I. Malcolm has stated that the matter must soon be taken in hand since the company has to plan expenditure for long years ahead?

There seem to be five alternatives. (i) Status quo. (ii) Conduct of the Canal internationally like the Danube, perhaps via Geneva. (iii) The Canal to be run as an Anglo-Egyptian concern after the present concession lapses (the ex-Khedive is said to favour this). (iv) Alternatively, for it to be run as a purely Egyptian concern. (v) Finally, that a Franco-Egyptian arrangement be made whereby the concession will be renewed on these terms: £16,000,000 gift to Egypt, split profits, progressively rising in Egypt's case, Egyptian directors.

This last hardly conjures up a vision of Dizzy's "key to India" or "jugular vein of Empire."

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Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

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Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date on Lake. Centre Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

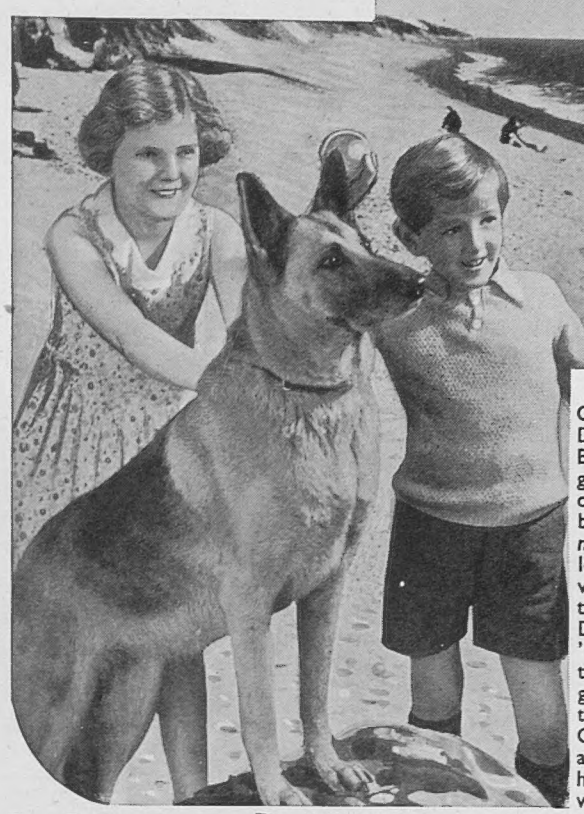
Lausanne.—Lausanne Palace—Beau Site Hotels.—De luxe at rsnble. rates. Ex. cuisine. Nicest posit. Park, Garage, Priv. Tennis, Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach, 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

CAESAR'S COAST



Caesar loves the East Coast. Don't his dear eyes say so? Because there he gets great galloping stretches of sand on which the sorbo ball bounces on—and on—for *miles*. And at high tide or low he can dash into the warm water with us all "on the level", barking likemad. Dogsprefer that, you know, 'cos they can see what they're in for. If you've got a dog like ours (though that's impossible!) take Caesar'stip and go East. We always do. You should see him quiver all over with joy when the holiday trunks appear. *He* knows! It takes us all our time to hold him at the station. And the Guard says he talks East Coast shop, with his tongue hanging out, all the way down in the van. We can quite believe it . . . . of Caesar.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

N., London (Cargo boats to Norway).—The Ellerman-Wilson Line run a fortnightly cargo boat from London to Oslo, the return fare being £10. Unfortunately this service is discontinued during the summer months (June, July, and August), and the only alternative then would be to go by cargo boat of the same line to Copenhagen, and make the journey from there to Oslo by train. The single fare from London to Copenhagen is £5 10s.

A., Herts (Belgium).—The most satisfactory way to plan visits to the British Military Cemeteries at Proven and Pont du Hem is to enlist the help of the Ypres League, 20, Orchard Street, London, W.1. They organize special tours to the battlefields and cemeteries, but will also arrange trips for single travellers.

L., Cheshire (Italy and Czechoslovakia).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Bellagio via Newhaven-Dieppe would be about £11 18s. It would add considerably to the cost of your holiday to visit Milan, Innsbruck, Munich, and Nuremberg, as the only way of doing this would be to make a very big detour via Milan and Verona, over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck and on into Germany. The Italian State Railways, of 173, Piccadilly, could quote you quite a good round fare to Bellagio with travel home via Milan, Innsbruck, and Basle. The return 2nd class fare from London to Pistany via Flushing and Berlin is £15 4s. 10d. The surrounding country is quite pretty, the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains being about 5 miles from the town, so that quite a pleasant holiday could be combined with taking the cure. Naturally as a holiday centre, it cannot be compared with Bellagio.

L, Surrey (Madeira).—Madeira is becoming very popular as a summer resort. You would find it hot during July, but not unpleasantly so. The time is spent in bathing or making excursions to the various beauty spots in the island. Reid's Palace Hotel is situated on the cliffs overlooking the sea, while the Grand Hotel Belmonte is on the Mount at the back of Funchal, ten minutes distance by funicular from the town. Summer terms at the former hotel range from 22s. per day and at the latter from 16s. per day. The Union Castle Line quote a special return summer fare to Madeira of £20 1st class. These tickets are interchangeable with the Royal Mail or Elder Dempster Lines.

I., London (Switzerland).—We doubt whether you will better Messrs. Thos. Cook's quotations of £14 for a ten-days' stay at Vitznau. If you could arrange to take either a nine-days' or fifteen-days' tour you would probably find it advantageous to enquire concerning the William Tell Special train.

Hints for Travellers

ALPINE FLORA IN THE DOLOMITES.

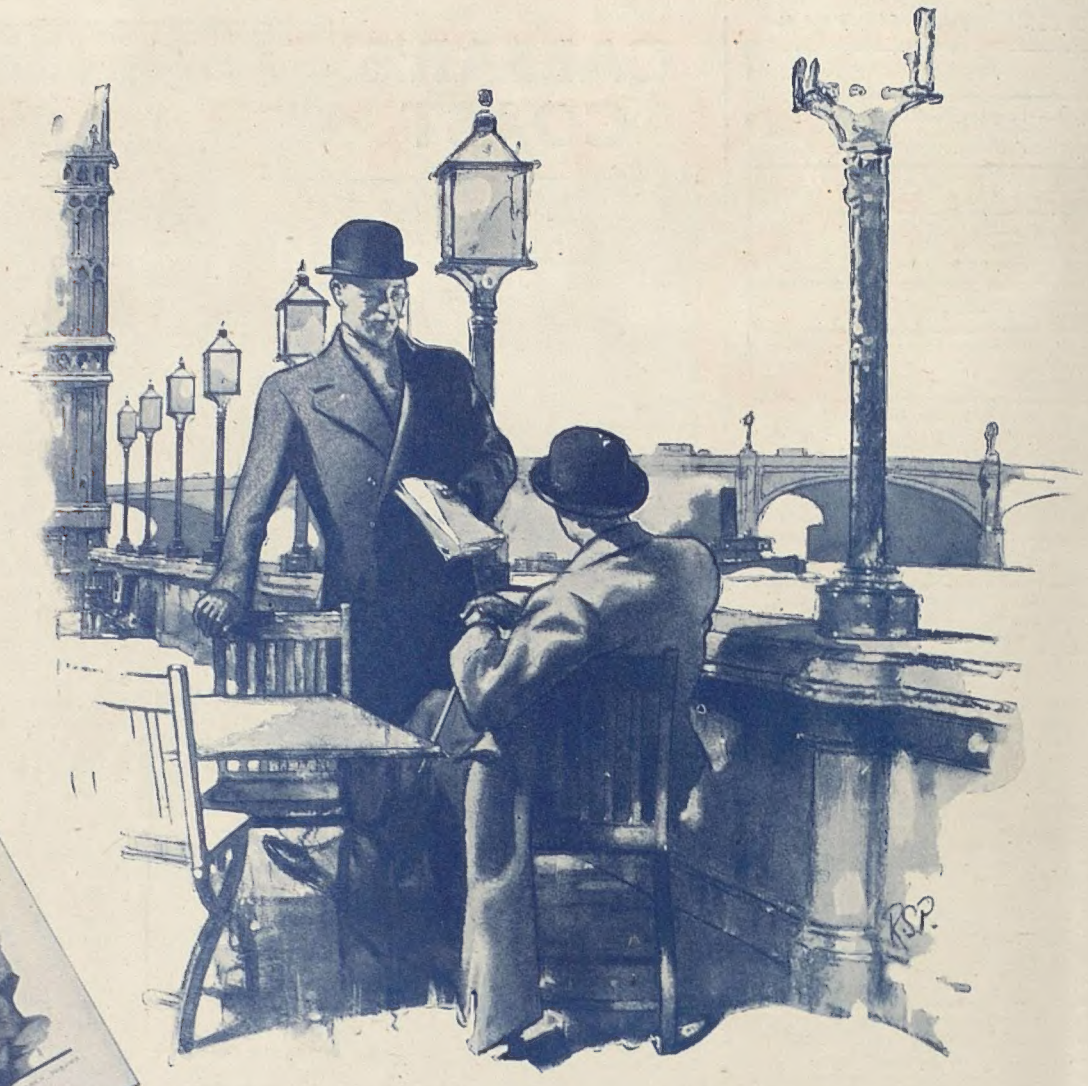
Under the auspices of the Garden Club and Alpine Garden Society, a special visit will be made in June to the Dolomite region to see the wonderful flora of the district, which is reputed to be the finest in the world. The inclusive cost of the visit from and back to London will be most moderate. Special reductions on the railways from London to, and in, Italy will be available, while reduced terms at hotels have been arranged. The outward journey will be made via Innsbruck, and the headquarters will be either at Cortina or Misurina. The homeward journey will be via Venice and Milan, with a two-nights' stay in Venice. Members of the general public can obtain all particulars from Mr. H. Cowley, Editor of *Gardening Illustrated*, and letters should be addressed to him at Bouverie House, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic



"More than a Slogan . . . . . It was the Truth!"

Sir Edward: . . . . "You see, truth in advertising gets the business and keeps it."

Monty: "Rubbish! I don't believe anyone really reads advertisements."

Sir Edward: "Then how do you account for a member of the House of Commons indicating precisely the opposite?"

Monty: "Oh—what did he say?"

Sir Edward: "I'll read you the extract. 'I have absolutely nothing against the bookmaker. You will see in the newspapers the picture of a beautiful girl telephoning to her uncle, and talking about a horse whose name she has forgotten . . . . . he tells her to ring up . . . . . and he will pay.'"

Monty: "H'm! You mean that everyone recognised the bookie as 'Duggie'"

Sir Edward: "Certainly—and that's why the Hon. Member goes on to say: 'I never heard of any other profession with the same high ethics of commercial morality.'"

Monty: "Well, there I agree—racing men sing 'Duggie's' praises all over the place."

Sir Edward: "Because he has the 'high ethics of commercial morality'—'Duggie never owes'"

Monty: "But that's only a slogan."

Sir Edward: "Yet those same newspapers have published it as 'more than a slogan—it is the truth.' *That's why I am so enthusiastic.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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